

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1855.
WHOLE NUMBER 10,000.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.
One copy, one year, \$5.00
Five copies, " " 25.00
Ten copies, " " 50.00
Twenty copies, " " 100.00
A SPLENDID PREMIUM.—For the SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM see Prospectus on the inside of the paper.

For \$3 we send ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE and THE POST, one year each.

Any person having sent a Club, may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices. Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty-six cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the United States postage on their papers.

Remittances may be made in notes of any solvent bank, but we prefer U. S. Treasury Notes or Pennsylvania or other Eastern money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and one or three cent postage stamps, are always acceptable. For all amounts over \$5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) payable to our order.

DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AT THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The night comes dark and still,
Without a star o'erhead,
For the sun went down at eventide
In a cloud-bank purple and red.
The wind has gone to sleep
In the drowsy woods, I ween,
For the river that hugs this violet bank,
Is a sluggish glassy green.

The song of the whippoorwill
In the woods is faint and low,
And in and out of the shining leaves,
The fireflies come and go.
I have drawn the hood of my cloak
Close down about my hair,
For I feel the mist of a coming rain
Is gathering in the air.

What keeps you, Conner, a-there?
I've waited an hour for you,
Till the violets drooped on their slender stems,
And closed their eyes of blue,
Till, one by one, the lights
Came out on the farther shore,
I'm sure to-night I could hear the sound
Of your oars a mile or more.

Can it be that a foolish fear
Is fluttering at my heart?
A leaf cannot fall from the trees o'erhead,
But it makes me tremble and start.
Ah, there is a pleasant sound,
The danger and doubt are past!
I hear his whistle across the waves,
And the welcome oars at last.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARION HARLAND.

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH,"
"MIRIAM," &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER I.

"Yes?" said Aunt Ruth, with kindling interest.

This important monosyllable was, in the mouth of this excellent lady, susceptible of an infinite variety and numberless gradations of meaning. Woe, encouragement, hearty and unequivocal assent; loving sympathy, lively curiosity and civil indifference, sometimes upon sufficient provocation; a mild species of sarcasm or contemptuous incredulity—all these were habitually expressed by the gentle spinster through the medium of the little word, defined by mistaken masculine lexicographers as "an affirmative particle, opposed to no." Opposed to "no," indeed! As if Aunt Ruth could not and did not make it mean "no"—and no uncertain negative, at that, every day of her life! She sat now in a well-cushioned Boston rocker, dressed in a gray merino, and a cap trimmed with dove-colored ribbons, swinging slowly to and forth, knitting a lamb's wool sock. Upon the other side of the round candle stand was her eldest nephew, Mr. Alexander Lay, yclept by his intimates and the community in general, "Alec," lounging in easy content against the stuffed back of a great easy-chair, covered with black leather, polished to shining sleekness by constant service during years. His slender limbs were supported by the brass fender, and a meerschaum was between his teeth. He was a fine-looking young fellow of four-and-twenty, with a well-developed, sinewy figure, black hair, and a beard, whose length, while it would have given an outre air to the visage

of most men, was yet highly becoming to his bronzed complexion and marked physiognomy. He had arrived unexpectedly but three hours before, at his paternal mansion, after an absence of two years from his native land, most of which time he had spent in a German University.

"The nearest people upon the globe!" he had said, pursuing a description of a tour through Holland.

And Miss Ruth Massey, his maternal aunt, whose forte was housewifery, and who was famed, far and near, for the scrupulous cleanliness of her establishment, forgot the yawn lodged in her throat, provoked by his incidents of travel through Switzerland and Italy, and rejoined by the "particle" quoted above.

"I wished most for you when I visited Brock," continued the tourist. "The streets are scoured as frequently and carefully as you wash your plates and dishes; the iron railings enclosing the little patches of brick pavement they denominate door-yards, are ornamented by brass knobs, brought, by dint of diligent friction, to the brightness of mirrors, and the fronts of the houses are deluged every morning by jets of water from a hose or syringe. Not an atom of dust or cobweb is anywhere visible. They even tie up the tails of the cows when they have combed and brushed them, lest they should trail upon the ground, and be afterwards accidentally used to brush their smooth sides."

"Yes?" Miss Ruth's eyes opened more widely.

"The chickens' nails are cleaned and pared each day, and I have heard, although I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, that the hens' teeth are scrubbed at the same time, with a brush invented solely for this purpose."

"Yes!"
"The 'particle,' this time, was equivalent to—'You don't tell me so! I never heard the like!'"
"I felt sorry for the children," Alec went on with the veracious narrative—"rosy, roly poly, pudding-faced Dutch babies that they were! Fancy a childhood—above all, a boyhood—passed in ignorance of the glories of paddling in mud puddles, with one's trousers rolled about his knees, and the delight of manufacturing mud pies! I never longed, before or since, to be an instructor of youth, but I did covet the privilege of initiating the unfortunate little wretches into such practices as used to enslave Robin's soul and mine!"
"I don't believe their mothers would have thanked you! I recollect the trouble you boys used to give me by such tricks."

Alec laughed. "Don't bear malice, sunny, since we have put away childish things—more's the pity! But I was going to tell you about the Dutch girls. Such complexions! such roses and lilies! such plump dumplings of forms—such dumptings you could not doubt! It made a fellow's mouth water to look at the angels!"

"Ah, yes!" Miss Ruth's slight nod heightened the significance of her arch, knowing tone. "Now you are coming to the point!" she meant to imply.

"Then, you should see them skate in winter! Ten or a dozen miles they fly down the canals to market, to sell their eggs and butter, and back again the same day. They have regular balls upon the ice. Shall I ever forget a day's sport upon skates, which I enjoyed with a blue-eyed beauty, fleet of foot as a greyhound; lips like cherries; cheeks like the sunny side of an apricot, and waist like a firm roll of butter! Ah, me! 'Joys that we've tasted!' That is one of the never-returning kind, I am afraid!"

"The one—was she?" interrogated Miss Ruth.

"One of them!" said the male coquette, heartily.

"Yes! yes!"
Which was, being interpreted—"Alec! Alec! you are a sad fellow!"
"Can't help it, aunt! If the girls will be fascinating, they must take the natural consequence of their behavior, and endure my devotion with the best grace they can."

"I thought you were going to bring her home to America with you?"

"I would have done so, assuredly, had I known that you desired it, and if I could have decided which 'her' you expected me to elect to that supreme felicity."

"Yes," said Miss Ruth, in affectionate ridicule of this conceited speech. "The 'her' I meant was that Gret, Gretina—or some such name you went crazy about, six months ago. It's queer I can't remember what you called her."

"Gretina Green, perhaps?" suggested Alec, with praiseworthy gravity.

"You didn't mention her surname, but I think it more than likely that's the one—the beautiful German girl, whose singing and dancing you said had carried you into the seventh heaven—and all that sort of nonsense."

"Gretina Green is of Scotch extraction. Perhaps Gretchen was the word you could not recollect."

"Yes. Where is she?"

"I really cannot say. Probably married to some lager-loving Herr Von Something, making his sauer-kraut and brewing his beer. I have not thought of her, in five months, that I know of. I do remember, however, since you have alluded to the subject, that she was quite a pretty girl, and sang tolerably."

Aunt Ruth shook her head again—now, in sorrowful deprecation of the criminal trifling he avowed so carelessly.

"I was in hopes you meant to settle down for good and all! Not that I fancied overmuch your marrying a foreigner; and of the two girls you've spoken of, I'd rather you had brought home the Scotch than the Dutch."

"German?" corrected Alec.

"It's all the same—ain't it? Alec! what possesses you to smoke that dirty-looking pipe? Maybe you haven't noticed how the armbiter is staining it through and through?"

"Ah, yes!" Miss Ruth's slight nod heightened the significance of her arch, knowing tone.

"The celebrated iron-clad, Monitor, and the gallant attempt of the officers and crew of the U. S. steamer Rhode Island, to rescue her from the clutches of the pirates of the sea."

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST from "Frank Leslie," represents the loss of the celebrated iron-clad, Monitor, and the gallant attempt of the officers and crew of the U. S. steamer Rhode Island, to rescue her from the clutches of the pirates of the sea."

money than Robin could get for the best horse in his stable!"

She inspected the shining black bowl, with its curious cloudy veins, and the curved stem.

"A mere sham—did you call it?"

"Yes, ma'am. There are so few of the real articles among the many that pass with the venal purchasers for valuable, that the contemptuous title deserved by the counterfeit has gradually been applied to all. There's a moral in the fact, if you will take the pains to study it."

"It was burning out badly!" said his aunt, disregarding his philosophizing, and handing back the coveted "real article," with an unmistakable contortion of the nose and upper lip. "It would be the sweeter, and so would your mouth, for that matter, if you would leave it under the black log there all night. I could caution Martha to be careful not to crack or break it when she takes up the ashes to-morrow morning."

Managing his facial muscles with considerable difficulty, the fun-loving nephew explained that the discoloration she condemned was the prime beauty of the pipe, adding divers reminiscences—authentic, of course—of the high estimate set upon long-used and well-blackened meerschaums by discriminating Teutons.

"Reckon they are not such overly clean people after all!" was Miss Ruth's conclusion, enunciated with disdainful emphasis. "But seriously, my boy, what has become of this girl? not Miss Green—the other one? What broke off the match? You as good as told me you were going to marry her right off."

"I did! When and how?"

"In a letter, crammed from beginning to end with her praises, which you gave me half a year ago."

"Ah! that was the end of the matter I fancy. The flame burned itself to ashes in that episode. I cannot remember certainly what disenchanted me. I have an idea that it was Gretchen's immoderate fondness for cabbage in an advanced stage of decomposition—so-called sauer kraut."

"Yes!" Aunt Ruth sighed.

"You don't think that a sufficient cause for a breach of promise, I see," said her nephew, in pretended anxiety.

"I am afraid you will never marry, Alec!"

not certainly put himself out to be polite and attentive to him, and Robert told me, gave his consent in the most handsome manner to his engagement with Helen Gardner." Gracious, Alec! you might have broken it all to pieces!"

Alec stooped to pick up the pipe that had slipped from his fingers, and remained in that position for a minute busily brushing the ashes from the gayly flowered hearth-rug—a manifestation of care and neatness which, if Aunt Ruth remarked, she attributed to the effect of his residence among the cleanly Hollanders.

"Ugly and dirty as it is, it would have been a pity to break what cost so much money, and is so hard to replace in this country!" continued the thrifty housewife.

"Tien! cracked—is it?"

"No! But I interrupted you! What were you saying?" Alec replied and relighted his pipe, after seeming to examine it solicitously, and stretched out his feet as before.

"You were talking about the Florida."

"Yes! so far as I can judge, there is no love lost between Helen and her guardian. I don't think there ever has been. He has always found her an unruly charge, I reckon. So it isn't to please her that Robert let him have money, when he asked for it. It's just his own good-nature, and he will suffer for it."

"They have been engaged for some time, have they?"

"Who? Robert and Helen? Four or five months. They seem very happy together, as contented a couple as I ever saw. They expect to be married at Christmas; but I suppose Robert has told you all about that."

"At Christmas! and this is the first of November!"

There was a dreary echo in his tone that reached even Miss Ruth's apprehensions, and elicited a responsive sigh.

"Yes! it will be a change for us all—for you and me, as well as them! But I hope it is for Robert's good. He will make one of the best husbands alive, and she has staided surprisingly—schooled down more than I once thought she ever could, since they were first engaged. Do you recollect how wild she used to be?"

"Yes!"

And after this musing articulation of his aunt's favorite monosyllable, there was an interval of silence. Miss Ruth plied her knitting needles assiduously, and looked over her spectacles into the crackling fire. The nephew smoked slowly, and seemed to study the same blazing pile of hickory logs. What were her motherly and housewifely meditations, it concerns us not to inquire. The central figure in his dream-pictures was a young girl, with flashing, laughing eyes, and dark chestnut locks wound in heavy braids about her nobly-shaped head; form erect, yet pliant; dancing feet whose rapid beat was sweetest music to his ears.

"Did he recollect how wild she used to be?"

Mrs. Floyd, sober and shocked, had oftentimes expostulated with him for aiding and abetting her barren scurvy niece in her hare-brained pranks and lawless proceedings. He had taught her to sit firmly his most spirited hunter, in leaping fences and ditches; to fish, and most barbarous of all pursuits for a young lady—to hunt! to carry her fowling-piece and bring down her game with the coolness and address of a veteran sportsman. This last named accomplishment was rather practiced in secret, than alluded to in public. It was doubtful whether Mrs. Floyd was ever quite sure that Helen had really acquired it. Many a day had she spent in the woods in company with Alec and Robert, when governess and guardians had granted her permission to pay a proper, hum-drum visit to Miss Ruth. An unfortunate accident finally cured her of her Nimrod proclivities. The three were out turkey hunting, one day, and Alec, having stationed Robert with Helen behind the blind of brushwood and bushes, to await the coming of the frightened and scattered flock, grew impatient of the tardiness of the dogs sent to "flush" the birds, and started off himself to seek and direct them. He was not long in discovering a fine gang of turkeys, and after assuring himself that many of them had taken the direction he desired, undertook to regain the covert by another route. Crouching low, that his head might not appear above the undergrowth of the wood, he made his way rapidly and stealthily towards the ambuscade. He was within twenty yards of it, when the crack of a gun rang out upon the forest stillness. Helen, excited and impetuous, had mistaken the slight motion created by his passage among the bushes, for the advance of the expected game, and fired before Robert could interfere to prevent her rash action. The charge from her weapon lodged in Alec's shoulder and the upper part of his chest, inflicting a severe, and, as they, in their inexperience feared, a fatal wound.

Bleeding and suffering—ignorant as his companions of the extent of his danger, the elder Robert still retained his habitual power of resolve and command.

"Yes—I suppose so—but it is a pity and a shame, Alec! I wish you could put Robert upon his guard. He's so soft-hearted and open-hearted that he can't say 'No' to anybody, much less to a friend. And he always defends Colonel Floyd when he is attacked, says he's not so bad as the world is disposed to think, and has some fine traits of character, and has always been very kind to him, and all such talk. You know Robert, and how easily imposed upon he is, and the Colo-

"Leave me here—both of you!" was his order. "Robert! you will see her home! then ride over to Greenfield and bring a couple of men back with you. And, my dear fellow! I did it myself!"

Helen interposed with a passionate burst of self-accusation. It was all her work—her unpardonable stupidity! her cruel, cruel blunder! and she alone should be blamed for it! She deserved the most severe things that could be said of, and to her!

"Nelly!" The wounded youth looked up with his own saucy smile. "Do you remember that old Hebrew king—Abimelech, I believe it was—said to his armor-bearer, when a woman cast a piece of millstone from the wall of the besieged city, and cracked his crown? 'Draw thy sword, and slay me, that men may not say of me—A woman slew him!' Robert! you will do as I said!"

Robert hastened away in quest of help; but Helen's will was not to be borne down in this matter. For two hours—long in their anguished suspense to her—short and delicious as a dream of Paradise to the injured boy—she lay beside him, in the heart of that lonely forest; staunching the blood with such appliances as were within her reach; making him a pillow of leaves; fanning him; gently wiping his brow, when the pain that could not extort a groan from the manly heart, or dim his grateful smile, forced great beads of sweat through the pores. Nay, more! when the sound of voices was heard approaching the spot, and he brought her, for both their sakes, to make good her retreat before she was perceived by curious, or unfriendly eyes—she gazed long and earnestly into his face—a look that awoke a new thrill of life in the fainting heart, and the tears raining down her cheeks, bent over, and kissed him.

When Robert and his attendants arrived at the scene of the accident, Aleck was alone, lying quietly upon his leafy couch, more than serene—with a happy light upon his countenance that glorified and elevated every feature. It was but the commencement of a splendid hunting season—the finest that had been known in years—when he was shot, and he lost the whole of it. Miss Ruth marvelled at, and landed his patient endurance of his tedious confinement; his comrades who affected with equal surprise at the cheerful equanimity with which he received their halcyon upon his awkwardness in hitting himself—he—the best shot in the country!

"Merely a difference of game, boys!" he said, gayly. "I went to look for turkeys, and brought down a great goose instead!"

Robert carried daily health bulletins to Colonel Floyd's, and never returned without some token of remembrance or sympathizing message from Helen. Sometimes she wrote to the invalid. Every one of these hastily-penned notes—incorrigible, girlish, extravagant—was treasured up to this day—locked away, as too sacred for other eyes;—perused with the roses she had sent by his brother's hand. The three guarded well their secret; but Helen never hunted again. If she had not lost her feminine hankering for a personal participation in the amusement, she shrank from its practice with trembling.

She was but fifteen then,—scarcely more than a child. Robert was two years older and Aleck his senior by eighteen months. He was twenty-two when he went to Germany, and it was still "Aleck" and "Nelly" between them. Still they laughed, danced, rode and sported together,—the acknowledged ring-leaders of every frolic—the wilder the better—and Robert was the balance-wheel to their impetuosity. He was mirthful and loved fun as dearly as did either of the others, but he exhibited a gentle steadiness of demeanor, a graceful propriety of action that caused him to be extolled by all the matrons of the region as a "pattern young man, and a safe chance for any girl." Nobody called Aleck Lay an unsafe chance, yet his popularity never equalled his brother's. He was too unscrupulous in speech, often reckless and imprudent in manner. The weak-minded and timid feared his lash of ridicule, hypocrites and pretenders his fearless exposure of their true characters. Little cared he for popular judgment, for public favor, or public reprobation! Aunt Ruth petted him; Robert loved him, and Helen was his willing ally, his fast friend, his confidante upon all subjects save one.

Their farewell, prior to his departure for the Old World, was spoken in the interval of the dance at a large party given at Colonel Floyd's in celebration of Lily Calver's—his niece and another ward of the Colonel's—birthday.

"It would hardly be honorable in me were I to say to you that I am in love," Aleck had said, hurriedly, "for this avowal would force you to a corresponding frankness—and I shall be absent a long time—and we are both very young. I would be basely ungenerous, were I to attempt to bind you by a promise, now."

His color came and went almost as rapidly as did hers, and his whole behavior was oddly at variance with his usual easy self-assured bearing.

"But, if my presumption in daring to speak of this matter—to think of you, to hope and dream, as I have for years, has not offended you; if you will still keep your early play-fellow in remembrance—still permit him to cherish your image where he has always worn it in his heart of hearts—may I ask you to wear this, while I am away? It is no sign of bondage, recollect! It leaves you free as air. When I return, if I do not see it on your finger, I shall, nevertheless, have no right to feel myself ill-treated—shall never molest you by demands for any explanation."

They stood apart from the crowd, at a window, partially concealed by a curtain. Without a word—only with one thrilling look into his eyes, that revived the memory of the forest scene; she drew off her glove—his hand touched hers—held it for a second! The next minute a partner claimed her for the evening out, and led her away, dreaming as little of the ring hidden by the snowy kid,

as did the throng at large of the wild throbbings of the heart—the mingled rapture, pain and unrest marked by Aleck Lay's laughing face. Helen was never more gay than during the remainder of the revel, and his spirits seemed to keep pace with the rise of hers. Their last dance together was a dashing, sweeping waltz, whose almost frantic swiftness and the length of time they kept it up, set all the prudes' heads to wagging in holy horror, and drew from kind, loving, charitable Aunt Ruth a deprecating remark to her nephew, Robert.

"She's a good-hearted girl, I don't doubt, Robert! And I have great confidence in her principles—she wouldn't knowingly do a wrong thing—but it's a pity the poor child has no mother!"

The rout over, the adieux were brief—a single glance was interchanged, and a hand clasp, fervent, but not prolonged;—a jesting phrase intended for the benefit of the bystanders—

"Good bye, Nelly! Take care of yourself!" and

"Good bye, Aleck! I suppose we shall not see you again until you are a fat Myntner, whose thick tongue will be unintelligible to untravelled ears."

This was all! As he had said, they were both very young then; it was his choice to leave her untrammelled by the shadow of a pledge. The ring might have been a friend's parting gift. She was a woman now—more grave, more thoughtful, more judicious than in the days when she seemed to prefer his society to that of other admirers—even to Robert's; a woman, who had chosen for herself a life-partner, and who would, in seven weeks more, be his brother's wife!

He thought all this over, without the change of a muscle or an audible sigh. His will was strong, and his pride stubborn, himself one of the men who can meet death, however horrible its form, with a steady or smiling front, if it be proved to be inevitable, and there are others looking on to mark how they sustain the trial.

His voice, cheery and unfaltering, ended the protracted pause.

"Ah, well, aunt! you and I need not stay here to embarrass the movements of the right master and mistress of this establishment. Greenfield is a dear and lovely spot to us both, but duty and expediency unite in forbidding my longer residence here. Maple Hill is sadly in want of a tenant, and I have always looked forward to a settlement of myself and worldly goods there when I should be ready to begin life in earnest. But I cannot keep house by myself, you know. It would be a dreadful and disgraceful Bachelor's Hall, that would cause you to disown me forever. I must have somebody to scold the maids, to pour out my coffee and lecture me occasionally. You will not mind the change of home so much as if I invited you to be my companion in a strange neighborhood and unfamiliar house, will you?"

"I was born there, lived there until your mother and grandfather died, and your father begged me to come here and take charge of your boys!"

A tear found its way from beneath the spectacles.

"And you have no idea what an exemplary character I mean to become," pursued Aleck. "Not quite so good as Robin, to be sure, but a very decorous and decent young man, notwithstanding beard and meerschaum."

Miss Ruth smiled up at him affectionately. Scarcely though she was often obliged to consider him, he had ever been her favorite of her adopted children, and the vision of an independent home with him was far more pleasant, more in consonance with her tastes than the thought of resigning the insignia of authority, &c., the keybasket, into the hands of Robert's wife, and the meek acceptance of a secondary position in the court where she had reigned supreme for upwards of twenty years.

"You were always kind-hearted and generous, Aleck! one of the sort whose worst life is the outside. I hope you'll get a good wife of your own some day."

"Don't trouble your brain with such useless wishes and unprofitable imaginings, aunt! I do not! Why! it is ten o'clock! Is Robert generally so late in returning from court?"

"No! I'm afraid he went home with Colonel Floyd! He often does. It is naturally hard work for him, now he is in love, to pass the Bellefleur gate on his road, especially when he thinks that there is nobody here but me, and knows that I am never lonesome. We had not an idea of seeing you for a fortnight to come. How stupid and selfish it was in me not to think sooner of sending a boy to the Colonel's to inquire if he was there. But you see, I kept expecting him every minute."

"Exactly! I understand! I am glad you after thought came so late. I would not have him disturbed from his present agreeable quarters on my account. You think that he will not be home to-night, then?"

"Hardly. He usually stays at the Colonel's all night when he goes there from court. I suppose that, like most other courting couples, they sit up till past midnight, and he doesn't like to trouble me by coming in so late. I should think they would have talked it all out before this time, but that is always the way. Engaged people never seem at a loss what to say to one another."

"There's a theme which is exhaustive, until after marriage!" said Aleck, yawning and rising. "I feel tired after my journey, and it is already long past your bed time. Good night!"

His chamber with the same he had shared with Robert until their separation, two years before, the same in which he had lain, helpless and suffering, during the weeks that followed the accident already described. There was a bright fire on the hearth; his mother's picture, the object of his boyish idolatry, still smiled down at him from its place above the mantel; every article of the old familiar furniture was endeared to him by associa-

tions of a happy childhood and joyous, hopeful youth, yet the place was imperceptibly cheerless and desolate; a sensation of homesickness, more acute than any he had felt in the wide world of foreign lands.

He looked through the window. The moon shone with fabled lustre between flying clouds; the high autumn wind roared through a pine-grove to the right of the house, and tore showers of leaves from other trees—the dismantled boughs groaning in every fibre as they gave up their summer treasures. It was a weird, dreary night to a solitary and sad watcher, whether his lonely vigil were kept above a dead form or a dead hope; a night to make friends draw closer the ring surrounding the social blaze, and talk more earnestly and frankly; a night to cause lovers to cling more nearly and fondly to one another, to feel, as they had never done before, the warmth and blessedness and glory of that heart-illumination which beamed the firer for the rush and crash of outward storms.

"This is my welcome home!"

He left his look-out; went to a trunk which, with the rest of his baggage, stood against the wall; unstrapped and opened it, and took from its depths a pretty casket. The lid of this was raised, and a subtle perfume stole through the apartment—the odor of roses.

Then, the entire contents of the box were emptied upon the table: notes, dried flowers, a knot of blue ribbon—lastly, a lady's cambric handkerchief, with dark-red stains upon it. With this the rude compass of moss and bruised herbs had been bound upon his shoulder on that memorable day. One corner bore a name. He tore this off, and threw it into the fire, turning his back that he might not see it burn—the rest—cambric, papers, withered stalks and petals, were read into small bits—not impatiently, but carefully, deliberately, as one performs a solemn duty;—recollected and returned to the casket. The November blast screamed hoarsely past his ear as he lifted the saff. In a second it caught the pile of fragments; whirled them aloft; dashed them downwards; scattered them far and wide over plain, hill and grove.

"So let it be!" was all Aleck said, as he lowered the window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues, Books of Evidence, &c., in a workmanlike manner, and on reasonable terms.

Apply at the Job Office, Number 106 Hudson's Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley runs southward from Chestnut, between Third and Fourth Streets.)

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—An Episode from Every Day Life in Sweden. "Why He Would Have Done It," "President Jeff," "A Life Sacrificed," and poetical "efforts" too numerous to mention. In fact we cannot find room for even many very tolerable pieces of poetry that are sent to us. We try to publish the best, however. Those that do not appear in the course of a reasonable time, may be considered not accepted.

COLONEL FLOYD'S WARDS.

We commence this new tale by MARION HARLAND in our present number. We think it opens finely, and gives promise of an admirable story.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The recent intended movements on the Rappahannock are said to have been given up, on account of the severe third day's storm and the almost impassable condition of the roads. Our troops still remain on this side of the river. Probably one of the objects designed by General Burnside has not been, however, altogether unattained.

From the South-West we learn that Gen. Grant has embarked with his army at Memphis, and another attempt is being made upon Vicksburg. That place seems a hard nut to crack, but the greater glory awaits the army that does it. This is the third trial, and we hope will do up the work.

News from the Carolinas may probably be expected at any moment. Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston are all spoken of by the rebel papers as probable points of attack, but the rebel editors are such a miserable set—see Col. Washington's private letter to the rebel envoy Mason—that we do not like to place much reliance upon their statements.

CRINOLINE.

We copy in the present paper an article from a London periodical, designed to show the mischievous character of the hoop skirts that fashion now requires our ladies and kitchen maids to wear. The list of disasters in England appears to be an appalling one. Where open fires are used especially, the danger of ladies burning themselves to death is very great. If the Empress Eugenie should take fire herself some day, it probably would be the means of reforming the fashion, and saving many valuable lives. Of course the English and American ladies cannot dress otherwise until Eugenie gives the word—though some say that even Eugenie is only the puppet of certain fair and audacious demure of Paris, who really do set the fashions for all their virtuous sisters of the civilized world. But if they, or Eugenie, or whoever

it is that starts the ball of change at Paris, were to give the word that ladies should wear their dresses as high as the knees, inch by inch the dresses would finally get there. For great is Fashion, and the Dianas of the Parisians are her prophets.

OUR PREMIUM OFFER.

Our offer of one of Wheeler and Wilson's forty-five dollar sewing machines as a Premium, see Prospectus—has not yet appeared to attract that attention and action which we think it deserves. While a number of persons have taken advantage of it, it has not been embraced by that large portion of our readers whom we designed to stir up to exertions alike for their own and our benefit. The offer is a bona fide one—and though our readers may wonder that we are able to do as we promise, we can assure them that we are able, and on terms satisfactory to ourselves. The sewing machine offered, is one of the regular cash price of which is forty-five dollars—and which we do not believe can be purchased for a dollar less than that sum. Neither do we know how long we shall be able to make the offer in question—we only know that we are able to make it at present. Certainly such a chance of getting a first quality sewing machine, was never before presented to the public.

To show that some have taken advantage of said offer, and are well pleased with having done so, we quote the following extracts from letters now before us:—

"R. E." writes from Allegheny, Pennsylvania:—

"The machine came to hand in due time, was put up, and is doing its work to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. For which please accept my thanks."

"B. R. J." writes from Dushore, Sullivan County, Pa.:—

"I received the sewing machine the 10th inst., and am much obliged for your prompt attention."

"A. H. S."—deputy P. M.—of Montrose, Susquehanna County, Pa., writes:—

"I am in receipt of the Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machine, from New York, per your order, as Premium for getting the club to your very valuable paper. Trusting I may be able to render you some valuable service hereafter, I remain very truly yours."

"J. T." writes from Racine, Wisconsin:—

"I have just received the Wheeler & Wilson's sewing machine, and to say that I am well pleased with it, is saying but a very little. I am highly pleased. Accept our kind regards, for without the club premium, we should not have been able to have had one at all. It is the very thing we have wanted in our family a long time. I herewith send you the money for another subscriber to your Sat. Eve. Post. Yours, truly."

Our readers will see by the above letters, that a number are availing themselves of our liberal offer. But there are hundreds, yes, thousands of places, where thirty subscribers for The Post could be obtained with very little trouble—certainly very little as compared with the proposed remuneration. And the opening of a story by that highly popular writer, MARION HARLAND, would seem an excellent opportunity to try what could be done. A young lady especially, has many advantages for procuring the required number of subscribers; and a first-class sewing-machine—apart from present uses—would be a valuable addition to the stock of house-keeping articles which it is well for young ladies to collect,—for possibly some day they may need them.

FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

The court-martial have pronounced General Fitz-John Porter guilty of all the charges brought against him by General Pope's Adjutant General, and President Lincoln has approved their sentence—"Dismissed from the service."

The court was composed of the following officers:—Major General Hunter, President; Major-General Hitchcock, Brigadier-Generals Rufus King, Prentiss, Ricketts, Casey, Garfield, Buford, and Morris; the Hon. Joseph Holt, Judge-Advocate-General, acting as Judge-Advocate. Seven of the above are West Pointers—and the majority of them are said to be veteran officers.

Disobedience upon disobedience of the most explicit written orders, was charged against Gen. Porter. And the court says said disobedience was proved.

The court have in fact determined that when a subordinate officer has received, as Gen. Porter did, peremptory orders to do certain things, no slight excuses can be held valid in justification of his disobedience. He at least should try energetically to do what he is ordered to do. If he does not, but finds in bad and encumbered roads a sufficient reason for not obeying, the best planned campaign or battle may be lost.

Moreover, and most serious of all, among the charges against Gen. Porter, were the following:—

6. When peremptorily ordered into battle, he "did there shamefully disobey, and did retreat from the advancing forces of the enemy, without any attempt to engage them, or did the troops who were already fighting greatly superior numbers, and were relying on the flank attack he was thus ordered to make to secure a decisive victory, and to capture the enemy's army, a result which would have followed from said flank attack, had it been made by said Gen. Porter in compliance with the said order which he so shamefully disobeyed."

7. In that, "being in the belief that the troops of Gen. Pope were sustaining defeat and retreating from the field, did shamefully fail to go to the aid of said troops, and did shamefully retreat and fall back with his army to the Manassas Junction, and leave to the disaster of a presumed defeat the said army, and did fail, by any attempt to attack the enemy, to aid in averting the misfortune of a disaster that would have endangered the safety of the capital of the country?"

8. That "being in the belief that the troops of Gen. Pope were sustaining defeat and retreating from the field, did shamefully fail to go to the aid of said troops, and did shamefully retreat and fall back with his army to the Manassas Junction, and leave to the disaster

of a presumed defeat the said army, and did fail, by any attempt to attack the enemy, to aid in averting the misfortune of a disaster that would have endangered the safety of the capital of the country?"

And the court says the above tremendous charges were proved! In other words, they say that the charge which has been so often made, that Gen. Pope and his army were sacrificed, is true!

And yet the sentence of the court was simply "Dismissal from the service." How can the court reconcile the serious character of the charges with so mild a sentence as this? For our own part, we think they are thoroughly inconsistent. If the charges were not fully proven, the court should have said so—but if fully proven, the proper penalty of such offences is the highest known to military law.

WE are requested to announce that the Hutchinson Family have consented to give a concert in aid of the funds of the "Penn Relief Association for Sick and Wounded Soldiers," on Friday evening, the 30th inst., at the Institute, corner of Broad and Spring Garden streets. It is to be hoped there will be a generous attendance, for the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers among us are always many and urgent.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM COLONEL L. Q. WASHINGTON TO EX-HON. JAMES M. MASON—HOW THINGS LOOKED IN OCTOBER LAST.

Although the following letter, found amongst the Sanders' budget, was written at Richmond as long ago as the 20th of October last, its speculations are quite interesting, and we hasten to give Mr. Mason, as well as Generals Bragg and Van Dorn, and the Southern editors, all of whom are so highly complimented, the benefit of them:

RICHMOND, VA., October 20, 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:—I avail myself of the occasion of sending despatches to add a few lines.

The campaign seems almost to have closed, Bragg's sloth and want of heart, and Van Dorn's folly, have lost us the results we hoped for. Bragg has given up Kentucky with a fine army of seventy thousand men, and we have nothing to show but the victory in the partial battle of Perryville. Bragg did not concentrate his troops; he seemed to have no plans; and, in the opinion of all or nearly all, has thrown away the summer and the finest chances for fame. Still, we have a good army intact in East Tennessee, and more of Tennessee than we held at the start.

After Van Dorn's repulse at Corinth, matters have relaxed into inactivity in the country west of the Tennessee river. And this quiescence seems to be followed west of the Mississippi.

So, too, on the Potomac. Lee has awaited McClellan's advance, but the latter shows no readiness for a "forward movement," although the Northern press (both friendly and hostile to him) clamor for him to go over the Potomac and attack Lee. The latter will wait a while longer for his adversary, but, if he does not come, will I conjecture, fall back to a point nearer Richmond, and more convenient to supplies. Thus, land movements seem to pause. What, then, is to be looked for?

First, The Yankees are getting ready naval expeditions. They are conjectured to be for Charleston, Mobile, and Savannah. I regard it as quite possible that the first two may fall—the latter is hardly possible. But the fall of all would have no appreciable effect upon the war. They would cut off a few supplies, but at the most would be a simple demonstration of what is now pretty well demonstrated, viz: that steam iron-clads can run by a fort where it is impossible from the nature of the case to plant obstructions.

Any schemes of attack upon these places are left by the Yankees to be a small matter compared with the taking of Richmond. Richmond is, in the opinion of the best judges, impregnable to naval attacks. A land expedition is the only thing that promises anything. I do not think McClellan would like to undertake it before spring, but public opinion may force him to do it some time in the winter. He may (admit for argument's sake) bring a more formidable army than he did before. *Per contra*, a much larger force can be arrayed for defence than we had before, with stronger fortifications, more complete preparations, and the advantages of experience.

You may be assured that the war would languish the whole fall and winter ahead but for the fear of European recognition in such case. If recognition should come before the sailing of their expedition for Richmond (I regard an overland march as out of the question) it is highly probable that the thing would be given up as a useless expenditure of money and blood.

The Northern mind is undoubtedly changing. The rapid and large depreciation of their currency has startled the business men and set them to thinking. Thinking is fatal to foolish wars. So, too, the fierce divisions of parties, the triumph of the Democrats, and the frantic excesses of the Republicans, all put the North in that exact temper when European recognition would be hailed by a large class—perhaps a majority—as a solution of a difficult problem. Recognition before January 1st, 1863, would, I have little doubt, give us peace before spring.

Congress has adjourned to meet in January next. They failed to fix upon a permanent seal for the Confederate States. There seems to be a poverty of invention on such subjects. There are persons in Europe who so studies on heraldry, &c., make their suggestions valuable; perhaps one of these might suggest a good design. If you can obtain one, I will place it before the committee next session.

The President's health is good, though he works hard. I shall try to send you files, though I am really ashamed to send such a press abroad. The editorial profession has sunk low, indeed. After the war it may improve. Indeed it must, or we will run the same course as the North.

Messrs. Garnett and Hunter were well the other day when I heard from them. Both are in the country.

Yours, very truly,
L. Q. WASHINGTON.

HON. JAMES M. MASON, London.

A SAIL IN THE OFFING.

Or sometimes, when the pearl-lighted morn drew the tinges
Of the cold sunrise over their amber fringes,
A white sail peered over the rim of the main,
Looked all about o'er the empty sea,
Staggered back from the fine line of white light
Again,
And dropped down to another world silently.

—Owen Meredith.

THE angelic of our race die early.—Precious gums are not for a lasting flame; they but perfume the temple and expire.

A REBEL VIEW OF AFFAIRS.

"THE YANKEES HOLD ALL THEY HAVE EVER HELD"—"ANOTHER YANKEE'S PROPOSALS TO MAKE THEM MASTERS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY."

From the Richmond Examiner of Jan. 20.

It is not altogether an empty boast on the part of the Yankees that they hold all they have ever held, and that another year or two of such progress as they have already made will find them masters of the southern Confederacy. They who think independence is to be achieved, do well to look with the natural eye at the magnitude of Yankee possessions in our country. Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri are claimed as constituent parts of the Confederacy; they are as much in the power of Lincoln as Maine and Minnesota. The glories once deemed foolish by the South, that he would "hold, occupy and possess" all the fertile lands of the United States Government, has been redeemed almost to the letter by Lincoln. Fort Pickens (Y) and Morgan are still retained, but these exceptions, all the strongholds on the seaboard, from Fortress Monroe to the Rio Grande, are in the hands of the enemy.

Very consoling and very easy to say that it was impossible to prevent all this, and that the occupation of the outer edge of the Republic amounts to nothing. Drury's Hill and Vicksburg give the lie to the first assertion, and the onward movement of Sherman towards Atlanta, the presence of Grant in North Mississippi, and of Curtis at Mobile, Kansas, to say nothing of Banks at New Orleans and Baton Rouge, set at rest the silly dream that a thin strip of sea coast only is in the possession of our foes. The truth is, the Yankees are in great force in the very heart of the Confederacy; they swarm on all our borders, they threaten every important city yet belonging to us, and nearly two hundred thousand of them are within two days' march of the Confederate capital. This is no fiction. It is a fact well as possible that none can deny.

Nor is this all. The President tells us, in his message, that the troops with the Indians tribes have been removed, and no further difficulty is anticipated. The truth is, we obtain from private and trustworthy sources, that not confirm the President's sanguine assertions. The trouble with the Cherokees was, in great part, due to the fact that some seven or eight thousand of them, now in arms, had not received a cent of pay for fourteen months. It is true that paper money has been sent them, and even now, it is to be hoped, has reached its destination. But Indians do not like paper money. Still it would answer the purpose if General Albert Pike remained to disburse it, and to allay their prejudices, which he, of all men in the Confederacy, is best able to do. Pike, however, has resigned, for good reasons, doubtless, and a person said to be not the most competent is left in his stead. Under these circumstances, we shall be fortunate indeed if we escape further trouble with the Indians. Moreover, we get from Missouri members and others, distressing accounts of the condition of affairs in Arkansas.

Gen. Hindman is very far from being a favorite, even among his own people, and the destitute are some of the new levies who have volunteered to come out of Missouri to join our armies, that whole battalions of them have been sent marching barefoot through snow three inches deep. Add to this the fact that, so far as the public is permitted to know, New Mexico and Arizona are, for the time being, lost to us, and that the state of defection in Tennessee and Mississippi (growing out of the appointment of incompetent officers and the fancied neglect of that country by the Confederate Government)—not to mention any lack of fervor in the cause, which President Davis's visit was intended to heal, is likely to revive under the depressing influence of Bragg's retreat and his continuance in command—add all this to the foregoing, and it will be seen that the Yankees have much to encourage them in the prosecution of the war, and need little to excite serious apprehensions as to its future.

The remedy for this state of things is obvious. It lies in the extension and enforcement of that law to which we owe our salvation. We must bring out the conscripts and diminish exemptions. If this is done, the chapter of failures in the Southwest will come to an end. The history of the battle in that region has been sufficiently uniform to justify a conclusion which shall not be chargeable with the vices of hasty generalization. It has not been so much for a want of brains as for a want of men that we have been compelled to lose the fruits of some of the best fighting that has been done in war. At Donelson, at Shiloh, at Perryville, and at Murfreesboro', the story has been in all ways the same—victories, achieved against odds, snatched away by overwhelming reinforcements to the enemy.

As the past has been so will the future be, unless something is done, and that speedily, to fill up the shattered ranks of our army in the West. Exemptions must be diminished. The system of details must be adopted. Young men must not be permitted to evade their duty by slipping into safe places. Conscription, friends must turn a deaf ear to their entreaties. Able-bodied men must not be allowed to stay at home on the pretext of attending to twenty negroes. Here in Virginia there are, in many places contiguous plantations, numbering in the aggregate hundreds of slaves, without a solitary white man left to guard them. The gentle authority of ladies has been found amply sufficient to control the obedient African population.

With the first opening of spring comes the last tremendous shock of this war. Most of the Yankee troops are nine months' men. More are enlisted for two years, their term expiring in May next. Up to that time they will be available, and we may be very sure that all the fighting that can possibly be gotten out of them will be had before they are allowed to go home. They outnumber us two to one. There is a limit to the endurance of the brave men at Vicksburg, Granada and Vicksburg. They must be supplied, strengthened, reinforced. If within the next two months we do not add seventy five thousand men to our forces in the South-West we shall come to grief. If we add them, we are safe beyond peradventure, and next summer will witness the triumph of our arms.

SINGLE TALENT.—Feeble souls are like those tracts of land which have neither depth nor richness of soil, yet however they produce something to serve the world. The sandy and stony deserts of the Cape are covered with heath of every hue and form to beautify the scene and to charm the traveler's eye. Even so the feeblest soul can play some phase of feeling and character, shall add a beauty to its sphere. The weak wants the heath as well as the oak, and the genial heavens shine alike on both.—David Thomas.

A man aged eighty, and a woman aged sixty-six, were found in the Seine near Paris a few weeks ago. They were locked in each other's arms, and kept in position by a true-blue handkerchief. They committed suicide for love.

CHEER THEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CORDELLA.

How white the blades of winter ruddy sweep,
And pile the snow in many a shining wave,
Remember those who for their loved one weep—
The wife and children of the soldier brave.

All lonely sitting by their darkened hearth,
They silent sit unto the wind's wild moan;
Those who no echo to the sounds of mirth,
No more is heard that once familiar tone.

Oh, mother, cheer them! spend one little hour
From out the circle of thy own loved home,
Where husband, children with a loving power,
Each in their so thy footsteps may not roam.

Young maiden, cheer them! with thy sunny smile
Drive far away the laden cloud of fear,
Call Hope and Fancy to thine aid meanwhile,
And paint the picture of a meeting near.

When comes the news of fierce and deadly strife,
Of battles fought on many a bloody plain,
Of dreadful charge and fearful loss of life—
Oh, turn thou to the soldier's wife again.

And wonder not her cheek is deadly pale,
That fear has stamped its impress on her brow—
The fear that she must hear the dreadful tale,
"He is no more among the living now."

Oh, cheer them! brightly will thy deeds of love
Shine o'er them in their dark and troubled way,
And thou a recompense shalt find above,
When war and discord shall have passed away.

Friend, Indiana.

PRINCE HASSAN AND THE OGRE.

Eighty Monday, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and, on that very day, the gallant young Prince Hassan, heir-apparent of All the Cashmires, went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the Prince could gallop, and the Prince galloped twice as fast as anybody else, he will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking round him, he perceived that he was in a place where he had never been before—a dismal valley, closed in with rocks, and without trace of a road to lead him home. To complete his misfortune, his horse—from which he had dismounted for a moment—ran away on its own account; and, after serious reflection, he was obliged to conclude that he had lost his way, and didn't know what to do.

Presently, however, he espied in the hill-side the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in hopes of finding shelter and water. To his delight there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught, than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern; and, looking up, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. This monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense quaternary loaves; his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there is really nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogre would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymuggino; but the Prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water, without my leave," said the ogre, in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net; and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster,—if you had any in Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper-caster and vinegar-cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry-box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, sir," said the Prince (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak), "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I'm not fit to eat; you will find me very nasty, you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like them! There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me anything I couldn't swallow, I'd give you leave to cut off my head."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the Prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, good-looking gentleman like you would never be able to swallow; and if you would just let me go home and look about me a bit, I feel sure I could bring you something of the sort,—and then I hope your honor would not forget what you said just now."

The Prince gave his word to come back very gladly for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a back way out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the cliffs just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the Prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away; but he knew that no Prince ever broke his word, you know, seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took fifty adders, fifty rats, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs (addled), and two scuttles of rubbish out of the dust-hole; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a leaguer's old shirt, and for water to boil it in, desired the Grand Mistress of the Shop to bring him the dirty soap-suds from all the basins in the palace. With this precious mess he knocked at the ogre's back door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding; "it smells rather nice." And to the dismay of the poor Prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny tart.

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad!—Do you call that nasty? You must bring me something very different, if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho! come again to-morrow."

And then he took out an old pitchfork which he used as a toothpick, and went back to his den.

The next day the Prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal that he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastry cooks in the town, and bought up all the twelve-cakes, the gingerbread, apricot-jam, and barley-sugar in their shops; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggino's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him, he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre? Take it away this instant; but—no! Stop! You shan't escape me that way. I will eat it; but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and flies that you used to catch when you were at school! I will!" Then, holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp.

"Ho, ho," he said, "you see that wasn't so either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow; and, remember, no more nonsense!"

This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan; and his only consolation was, that the expression of the giant's face raised some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache.

But, as he was returning home, he happened to pass the chemist's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The sight gave him new hopes. "I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rubarb, all the jalap, all the castor oil, and all the senna tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed; and, on that happy night, no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly, the Prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking his tub with him; but this time he was full of confidence.

"I have best him this time, for certain," he said to himself; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But bless you! no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the Prince saw this, he began to despair; for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be cast down. You have one more chance, you know; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough, old woman, now? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that; ho, ho!" And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large tears.

"No, no," said the Prince, "I see it would be no use; you had better take me at once and have done with it; I give up; you can swallow anything if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble. And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes—at any rate, it is worth your while to try, I should think; for remember, to-morrow is the fourth day! Ho, ho!"

So saying, he went back into his cave; and the Prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his frying-pan in a way that froze his marrow.

The unhappy young man now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits. "I shall

go a very different road this time to-morrow," thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents; for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake; and as soon as it was day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time, he came to a wretched, tumble-down old cottage, and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

"How now, Goody?" said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. "You don't seem over comfortable here."

"Comfortable?" said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice, "I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what good I am here."

When the Prince heard the old woman talk in this way, the wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him, and began to tempt him. "Surely," he said to himself, "there can be no great harm in taking this poor wretched creature to the giant. Perhaps he won't like her, and then all will be well; but even if he does, of what value is her life, compared with the chance of saving mine? I am young, happy, beloved; my death will plunge my parents, my family, the whole nation into grief; and then what plans I had for doing good! How prosperous the people would have been under my reign! Surely I ought not to allow a weak scruple to deprive the world of the immense advantages which depend on my life; and this old thing, if she has any right feeling, ought to be proud of such an opportunity of making herself useful. If she could do any good here, it would be different; but she says herself—"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by a tapping at the broken window; and looking up, he saw a pretty white bird that had flown in.

"What is this?" said he to the old woman.

"Oh," said she, "it is a pigeon that I picked up with a broken leg when it was young. I brought it home and nursed it; and now it comes to me every day for such crumbs as I can give it."

The Prince's heart fairly smote him. "I take this as a lesson," he said within himself, "I see now that everybody is of some use in this world; and what right have I to take any one away from his place, and determine he will not be missed? This worthy old soul has been able to do a kindness to a creature more helpless than herself. I have had my share of comfort, and now I will bear my misfortunes for myself like a man, and not steal the life from another in the hope of saving my own." "I beg your pardon, ma'am, though you don't know what for; and pray accept my purse, for which I am afraid I have not much further use."

Then the Prince left the cottage; and as it was now getting near twelve o'clock, walked boldly towards the mountain. Meanwhile the ogre was expecting him very eagerly. The fact was, as perhaps you have guessed, that an old woman was a treat that he was particularly fond of; and he made sure that the Prince would take the hint he had given him and provide one, to try and escape from being eaten up himself; for he was so mean and cruel an ogre that he had no idea that anybody could do a generous action, or sacrifice himself rather than be unjust. He had eaten very little breakfast, on purpose to have a good appetite for his lunch; and there he sat, licking his lips, and watching the path by which the Prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

"What!" he roared out, "no old woman? I must have one! Where is she? Bring her! Quick!"

"Sir," said the Prince, as bravely as he could, "I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself."

"You!" cried the ogre. "You, indeed! What is a poor tender young thing like you, compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find one ever since yesterday?"

"No," said the Prince. "I did find one; but I didn't choose to bring her." And then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story, the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

"What!" he bellowed out, as soon as the Prince had finished, "do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman, you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"

No sooner had he uttered these words, than there came a loud clap of thunder, and then there came a second clap, and the monster's knees began to tremble, and his teeth to chatter in his head; and then there came a third clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great flying inkstand, drawn by twenty-four bats, with parchment wings, and traces of red tape.

"You wicked and nasty ogre," said his lordship, in a stern and awful voice, "you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to see it put into execution. You told the Prince that you would give him leave to cut off your head if he could bring you any-

thing that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has; and now your hour is come!"

So saying, he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat-pocket, and presented it to the Prince.

"Go," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves, and foxes."

The Prince took the sword with a respectful bow, and going up to the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor, and blubbering like a great coward, as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck, that the head rolled on the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggino.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct on the whole, though you allowed a base thought to get the better of you for a moment; so if there is anything that you would like, mention it before the Court rises, and I will grant it you."

"My lord," said the Prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing further for myself; but if you could do anything to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson, I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home, I think you will see a change for the better."

So the Prince walked cheerfully down the hill again; but when he came to the old woman's home, what do you think he saw? Instead of the wretched tumble-down old hovel that he had left, he saw the prettiest, neatest, white cottage you can imagine, covered with roses and honeysuckles; and walking in, he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, and looking as snug and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do again? I hope you feel a little better than you did?"

"Oh, sir," said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains have gone; the house and everything seems grown new and fresh again; and, if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit, I should not envy the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this, than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in white, and walking rather lame, came in with a curtsy; and without saying a word, set about getting down the cups and saucers, and making the old lady some tea.

"Who and what are you, my dear," said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying inkstand, touched me just now with a wand, which turned me into what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which, I am sure, I shall be most happy to do."

So the Prince went home very well contented; but he ever afterwards took care not to lose his way out hunting.

FAITH.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

How do the rivulets find their way?
How do the flowers know the day,
And open their cups to catch the ray?

I see the germ to the sunlight reach,
And the nestlings know the old bird's speech;
I do not see who there is to teach.

I see the hare from the danger hide,
And the stars through the trackless spaces ride;
I do not see that they have a guide.

He is eyes for all who is eyes for the mole;
All motion goes to the rightful goal;
Oh, God! I can trust for the human soul!

WHAT OUGHT TO BE.

A gentleman travelling in New Hampshire, within sight of the Monadnock, was struck with the healthy appearance of a family where he called. On asking his farmer host what might be the cause, he received this reply:—

"The girls are healthy because I have avoided three great errors. They have neither been brought up on unwholesome diet, nor subjected to unwholesome modes of dress, nor kept from daily exercise in the open air. They have drank neither tea nor coffee, nor lived on any other than plain and simple food. Their dress has never been so tight as to hinder free respiration. They have exercised every day in the open air, assisting me in tending my fruit trees, and in such other occupations as are appropriate for women."

How many there are who would be benefited by such a course, as well among our farmers as in the city. The open air is a great panacea for many diseases. It is cheap and ever present. Don't refuse to take it.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

REPROVED BY A CHILD.—About the close of the last war, an English officer on returning home from camp life, went to visit a relation, and like some others who imitate their associates indulge in profane language. A little girl walked out with him to his horse; and as he was talking to her in great glee, she gently said, "I don't like to hear my cousin swear." He replied, "I know, my dear, it is wrong." In the same mild tone, she rejoined, "Well, then, if you know it is wrong, why do you do it?" The captain confessed to me, on relating the story, that he had never felt a reproach so much as the one given by that little child.

"Be content with what you have," was the rat said to the trap, when he saw that he had left a part of his tail in it.

THE WINE OF LIFE.

The poet may sing of the blood red wine,
He may chide the charms of the purple vine;
But the wit, I prize all others above,
Is the wine of life, and its name is love.

From a ruby chalice this wine o'erflows,
Furer than crystal, as sweet as a rose;
It gladdens the soul yet never can dim;
Though thousands quaff it, it is full to the brim.

If bubbles and sparkles with inward fires,
Which kindle the flame of noblest desires;
It strengthens the weak, makes the timid bold;
On the darkest lot 'tis a gleam of gold.

Makes and hearts gay; is the rainbow of tears,
Giving hues of hope to the coming years;
Oh, rarer and dearer, this wine of mine,
Than any which flows from the purple vine!

Ye who have tasted the juice of the vine,
Whose clusters hang thick by the river Rhine,
Or have sought to quicken dead lives again
In draughts of Tokay, Madeira, Champagne,

And have found the nectar ye crave and drink,
Like apples which grow on the Caspian's brink,
Could ye taste this wine, 'twould new life impart—
'Tis the Wine of Love—its chalice the heart!

FEMALE COURAGE.

[We think we have seen a similar story to the following told of a lady in England or Scotland—but it will bear retelling.—*Ed. Post.*]

A striking trait of courage in a lady forms the subject of conversation at present in the French metropolis. Madame Aubry lives in a solitary chateau, not far from the town of—

The family consisted only of M. Aubry, his wife, a child about a year old, and one maid servant. In the little town, every light is out by ten o'clock, and of course the most perfect solitude reigns at that hour in their house, which lies off the road, and is completely hidden by trees. One night last winter, Madame Aubry was sitting alone reading. Her husband had left her in the morning to visit a friend six or eight miles off, and, as he expected to bring home a considerable sum of money, he had taken the unusual precaution of arming himself with a pair of pistols. At about six o'clock, the lady went up to her room to put her child to bed. Her apartment was a large room on the first floor, filled up on one side by an old-fashioned chimney, and on the other by a deep and spacious alcove, near which stood her infant's cradle. The night was a gloomy one, cold and dark, and every now and then a dash of rain beat against the gothic windows. The trees in the garden bowed to the wind, and their branches came sweeping against the casement; in short, it was a night in which the solitude of the mansion was more complete and melancholy than usual. Madame Aubry sat down on a low chair near the fire, which, by its sudden flashes, cast an uncertain light over the vast apartment, throwing its antique carvings and mouldings by turns into brighter relief or deeper shade. She had her child on her lap, and had just finished preparing it for the cradle. She cast her eyes towards the alcove, to see if the cradle was ready to receive its little occupant, whose eyes were already closed. Just then, the fire flashed up brightly, and threw a strong light on the alcove, by which the lady distinguished a pair of feet, cased in heavy nailed shoes, peeping out under the curtain in front of the bed. A thousand thoughts passed through her mind in an instant. The person hidden there was a thief, perhaps an assassin—that was clear. She had no protection, no aid at hand. Her husband was not to return till eight at noon, and it was now only half-past six. What was to be done? She did not utter a single cry, nor even start on her seat. The servant girl probably would not have had such presence of mind. The robber probably meant to remain quiet where he was till midnight, and then seize the money her husband was to bring with him; but if he should find that he was discovered, and that there was no one in the house but two women, he would not fail to leave his hiding place, and secure their silence by murdering them. Besides, might not the girl be the robber's accomplice? Several slight causes of suspicion occurred to her at once, and all these reflections passed through her mind in less time than we take to write them. She decided at once what she should do, which was, to send the girl out of the room.

"You know that dish my husband likes," said she, without betraying her alarm by the least change in the tones of her voice, "I ought to have remembered to have it got ready for supper. Go down stairs, and see about it at once."

"Does not madame require my help here, as she generally does?"

"No, no, I will attend to everything myself. I know my husband would not be pleased, if he was to come home after his ride, in such bad weather, and not find a good supper ready."

After some delays, which increased in the lady's mind that suspicion which she was forced to conceal, the girl left the room. The noise of her steps on the stairs died away gradually, and Madame Aubry was left alone with her child, with those two feet, motionless at their post, still peeping out under the curtain. She kept by the fire, with her child on her lap, continuing to caress it and sing to it, almost mechanically. The child cried; it wanted to be put to bed, but its cradle was near the alcove—near those dreadful feet, how could she find courage to go near them!

At last, she made a violent effort. "Come, my child," said she, and got up. Hardly able to stand erect, she walked towards the alcove, close to the robber. She put the child in the cradle, singing to it as usual. We may imagine how much inclination she had to sing. When the child fell asleep, she left it, and resumed her seat by the fire. She did not dare to leave the room; it would arouse the suspicions of the robber, and of the girl, probably his accomplice. Besides, she could not bear the thought of leaving her child, even if

it was to purchase her own safety. The clock pointed to seven. An hour yet, a whole hour, before her husband would come! Her eyes were fixed on those feet, which threatened her with death at any moment, with a sort of fascination. The deepest silence reigned in the room. The infant slept quietly. We do not know whether even an Amazon, in her place, would have been bold enough to try a struggle with the robber. Madame Aubry had no arms; besides, she made no claims to valor, but only to that passive courage, founded on reflection, which is far the rarer of the two. Every few minutes she would hear a noise in the garden. In that noise, a ray of hope shone on her for a moment—it was her husband, it was deliverance! But no—it was only the wind and rain, or the shutters creaking. What an age every minute seemed to be. Oh, heavens! the feet moved! Does the thief mean to leave his hiding-place! No. It was only a slight, probably involuntary movement, to ease himself by changing his position. The clock strikes—only once, it is the half hour only—and the clock is too fast, besides! How much anguish, how many silent prayers in these trying minutes! She took up a book of devotion and tried to read, but her eyes would wander from the page to fix on those heavy shoes. All at once a thought arose that chilled her to the very heart. Suppose her husband should not come! The weather is stormy, and he has relatives in the village he went to. Perhaps they have persuaded him it was unsafe to travel at night with so large a sum of money about him; perhaps they have forced him, with friendly violence, to yield to their urgent invitations to wait till morning. It is striking eight—and nobody comes. The idea we have alluded to, appears to her more and more probable. After two hours of such agony, the unhappy lady, whose courage had been kept up by the hope of final rescue, feels her strength and hope fall her. Soon she hears a noise under the window, and listens, doubtfully. This time she is not mistaken. The heavy outer-door creaks on its hinges, and shuts with clamor; a well known step is heard on the stairs, and a man enters—a tall, stout man. It is he, it is he! At that moment, if he had been the worst of all husbands, he would have been perfection in his wife's eyes.—He had only taken off his wet cloak and put away his pistols, and delighted at again seeing what he most loves on earth, open his arms to embrace his wife. She clasps him convulsively, but in a moment recovering her self-possession, puts her finger on his lips, and points to the two feet peeping out under the curtain.

If M. Aubry had been wanting in presence of mind, he would not have deserved to be the husband of such a woman. He made a slight gesture to show he understood her, and said aloud, "Excuse me, my dear, I left the money down stairs. I'll be back in two minutes." Within that time he returned, pistol in hand. He looks at the priming, walks to the alcove, stops, and while the forefinger of his right hand is on the trigger, with the other hand he seizes one of the feet, and cries in a voice of thunder, "Surrender, or you're a dead man!" He drags by the feet into the middle of the room a man of most ill-favored aspect, crouching low to avoid the pistol which is held within an inch of his head. He is searched, and a sharp dagger found on him. He confesses that the girl was his accomplice, and had told him M. Aubry would bring a large sum home that night. Nothing remains now, but to give them over to the authorities. Madame Aubry asked her husband to pardon them, but the voice of duty is louder than that of pity. When M. Aubry heard from his wife all she had gone through he could only say, "Who would have thought you so courageous!" but in spite of her courage, she was attacked that night with a violent nervous fever, and did not get over her heroism for several days.

SCHOOLS.

Read the following excellent suggestions about schools, by the editor of the American Agriculturist:—

The man or woman who drops into the school-house often, and shows an interest in the pupils and in their comfort, is a public benefactor. Both teachers and scholars are encouraged to good behavior and to extra efforts. Who does not remember the stimulus to the whole school, of a visit from a parent or other person? A school visited two or three times a week, the visitor insisting that no show or change of programme be made, but that all things go on in regular course, will generally be twice as prosperous as the school never visited. No one should leave others to attend to this matter. The public school should be the pet and pride of every good citizen of the district. Visit it often as a recognized friend, not a morose critic. If the good deeds be sought out and appreciated, an occasional hint for improvement, in a kind tone, will be kindly received and acted upon by both teachers and scholars. Speaking evil or disrespectfully of the teacher in the hearing of your children, or those who will repeat the words in their presence, inflicts a lasting injury upon them.—Get the best teacher possible, and uphold him, or her, so long as employed, for the children's sake. We have known a school deprived of all efficiency, by a thoughtless word about the teacher dropped by a parent in the presence of his child, and repeated by the child to other scholars.

"How dreadful that cigar smells!" exclaimed Cushing to a companion; "why, it's an awful smelling thing!" "Oh, no; it's not the cigar that smells," was the reply. "What is it then?" inquired Cushing. "Why, it's your nose that smells, of course—that's what noses are made for."

It was a good piece of advice given by a sergeant-at-law to a counsellor, that he should not "show anger, but show cause."

A LITTLE GRAVE.

A little grave where daisies grow;
A little body lying low;
That is all the world may know.
But our hearts
Hold a baby sweet and fair,
A little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—
Minnie, Minnie!

In the sweet spring of her day,
We gave her to the lonely clay,
From our tear-dimmed eyes away.
How we loved her, none can tell;
They who have loved like us, as well,
Loved and lost, alone may tell—
Minnie, Minnie!

Wistful shadows in her eyes,
Like the dreamy haze that lies
Trembling in the summer skies;
And the burden of a fear,
All unspoken, yet so near,
Fell on us that weary year—
Minnie, Minnie!

Shrinking from the children's glee,
Keeping close to mother's knee,
Or in arms that tenderly
Watched her fading, faded she—
Faded she, our blossom fair,
Our little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—
Minnie, Minnie!

Swift the seasons come and go;
Thickly falls the drifting snow
O'er a little grave we know;
But her feet
Have passed in a pearly door,
Have trod the shining golden floor,
Fair and fearless evermore—
Minnie, Minnie!

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST
LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIR,"
"A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's
Office of the District Court for the Eastern Dis-
trict of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXI.

LIGHT THROWN ON OBSCURITY.

And so, the trouble and the uncertainty,
the ups and the downs, the turnings out and
the changes were at an end, and Lionel Ver-
ner was at rest. At rest, so far as rest can
be, in this unstable world. He was reinstated
at Verner's, his undisputed master;
never again to be sent forth from it during
life.

He had not done as John Massingbird did
—gone right in, the first day, and taken up
his place, sans ceremony, without word and
without apology, at the table's head, leaving
John to take his at the side or the foot, or
where he could. Quite the contrary. Lion-
el's refinement of mind, his almost sensitive
consideration for the feelings of others, clung
to him now, as it always had done, as it al-
ways would do, and he was chary of dis-
turbance. John Massingbird too early in his
way of the internal economy of Verner's
Pride. It had to be done, however; and
John Massingbird remained on with him, his
guest.

All that had passed; and the spring of the
year was growing late. The codicil had
been proved; the neighborhood had tendered
their congratulations to the new master, come
into his own at last; the improvements, in
which Lionel's conscience held so deep a
score, were begun and in good progress; and
John Massingbird's return to Australia was
decided upon, and the day of his departure
fixed. People surmised that Lionel would
be glad to get rid of him, if only for the sake
of his drawing-rooms. John Massingbird
still lounged at full length on the amber satin
couches, in drooping slippers or in dirty
boots, as the case might be, still filled them
with clouds of tobacco-smoke, so that you
could not see across them. Mrs. Tynn de-
clared, to as many people as she dared, that
she prayed every night on her bed for
Mr. Massingbird's departure, before the
furniture should be quite ruined, or they
burnt in their beds.

Mr. Massingbird was not going alone.
Luke Roy was returning with him. Luke's
intention always had been to return to Aus-
tralia; he had but come home for a short
visit to the old place and to see his mother.
Luke had been doing well at the gold-fields.
He did not dig, but he sold liquor to those
who did dig; at which he was making money
rapidly. He had a "chum," he said, who
managed the store while he was away. So
glowing was his account of his prospects,
that old Roy had decided upon going also,
and trying his fortune there. Mrs. Roy
looked aghast at the projected plan; she was
too old for it, she urged. But she could not
turn her husband. He had never studied her
wishes too much and he was not likely to
begin to do so now. So Mrs. Roy, with in-
cessantly dropping tears, and continued pro-
testations that the sea sickness would kill
her, was forced to make her preparations for
the voyage. Perhaps one motive, more than
all else, had influenced Roy's decision—the
getting out of Deerham. Since his hopes of
having something to do with the Verner's
Pride estate—as he had in Stephen Verner's
time—had been at an end, Roy had gone
about in a perpetual state of inward mortifi-
cation. This emigration would put an end to
it, and what with the anticipation of making
fortune at the diggings, and what with his
reluctance at saying adieu to Deerham, and
what with the throwing of his wife, Roy was
in a fever of expectancy.

The first week, to the evening previous
to the departure, Lionel and John Massing-

bird had dined alone, and now sat together
at the open window, in the soft May twilight.
A small table was at John's elbow, a bottle of
rum, a jar of tobacco, water and a glass being
on it, ready to his hand. He had done his
best to infect Lionel with a taste for rum-and-
water—as a convenient beverage to be taken
at any hour from seven o'clock in the morn-
ing onwards—but Lionel had been proof
against it. John had the rum-drinking to
himself, as he had the smoking. Lionel had
behaved to him liberally. It was not in Lion-
el Verner's nature to behave otherwise, no
matter to whom. From the moment the
codicil was found, John Massingbird had no
further right to a single sixpence of the re-
venue of the estate. He was in the position of
one who has nothing. It was Lionel who
had found means for all; for his expenses;
his voyage; for a purse when he should get
to Australia. John Massingbird was think-
ing of this as he sat now, smoking and taking
draughts of the rum-and-water.

"If ever I turn to work with a will and
become a hundred-thousand-pound man, old
fellow," he suddenly broke out, "I'll pay you
back. This, and also what I got rid of while
the estate was in my hands."

Lionel, who had been looking from the
window in a reverie, turned round and
laughed. To imagine John Massingbird be-
coming a hundred-thousand-pound man
through his own industry, was a stretch of
fancy marvellously comprehensive.

"I have to make a clean breast of it to-
night," resumed John Massingbird, after puff-
ing away for some minutes in silence. "Do
you remember my saying to you the day we
heard news of the codicil's being found, that
I was in your debt?"

"I remember your saying it," replied Lion-
el. "I did not understand what you meant.
You were not in my debt."

"Yes I was. I had a score to pay off as
big as the moon. It's a big still; for it's
one that never can be paid off; never will
be."

Lionel looked at him in surprise; his man-
ner was so unusually serious.

"Fifty times, since I came back from Aus-
tralia, have I been on the point of clearing
myself of the secret. But you see, there was
Verner's Pride in the way. You would natu-
rally have said upon hearing it, 'Give the
place up to me; you can have no moral right
to it.' And I was not prepared to give it up;
it seemed too comfortable a nest, just at first,
after the knocking about over yonder. Don't
you perceive?"

"I don't perceive, and I don't understand,"
replied Lionel. "You are speaking in an un-
known language."

"I'll speak in a known one, then. It was
through me that old Ste Verner left Ver-
ner's Pride away from you."

"What!" uttered Lionel.

"True," nodded John, with composure. "I
told him a—a bit of scandal of you. And the
strait-laced old simpleton took and altered
his will on the strength of it. I did not know
of that until afterwards."

"And the scandal?" asked Lionel, quietly.

"What may it have been?"

"False scandal," carelessly answered John
Massingbird. "But I thought it was true
when I spoke it. I told your uncle that it
was you who had played false with Rachel
Frost."

"Massingbird!"

"Don't fancy I went to him open-mouthed,
and said, 'Lionel Verner's the man.' A fel-
low who could do such a sneaking trick
would be only fit for hanging. The avowal
to him was surprised from me in an unguard-
ed moment; it slipped out in self-defence. I'd
better tell you the tale."

"I think you had," said Lionel.

"You remember the bother there was, the
commotion, the night Rachel was drowned.
I came home and found Mr. Verner sitting at
the inquiry. It never struck me, then, to
suspect that it could be any one of us three
who had been in the quarrel with Rachel."

I knew that I had had no finger in the pie;
I had no cause to think that you had; and, as
to Fred, I'd as soon have suspected old old
Verner himself; besides, I believed Fred to
have eyes only for Sibylla West. Not but
what the affair appeared to me unaccount-
ably strange; for, beyond Verner's Pride, I
did not think Rachel possessed an acquaint-
ance."

He stopped to take a few whiffs at his
pipe, and then resumed, Lionel listening in
silence.

"On the following morning by daylight I
went down to the pond, the scene of the pre-
vious night. A few stragglers were already
there. As we were looking about and talk-
ing, I saw on the very brink of the pond,
partially hidden in the grass,—in fact trod-
den into it, as it seemed to me,—a glove.
I picked it up, and was on the point of call-
ing out that I had found a glove, when it struck
me that the glove was yours. The others
had seen me stoop, and one of them asked if
I had found anything. I said 'No.' I had
crushed the glove in my hand, and presently
I transferred it to my pocket."

"Your motive being good nature to me?"
interrupted Lionel.

"To be sure it was. To have shown that,
as Lionel Verner's glove, would have fixed
the affair on your shoulders at once. Why
should I tell? I had been in scrapes myself.
And I kept it, saying nothing to anybody. I
examined the glove privately, saw it was
really yours, and of course I drew my own
conclusions—that it was you who had been in
the quarrel. Though what cause of dispute
you could have with Rachel, I was at a loss
to divine. Next came the inquest, and the
medical men's revelation at it; and that
cleared up the mystery. 'Ho, ho,' I said to
myself, 'so Master Lionel can do a bit of
courting on his own account, steady as he
seems.' I—"

"Did you assume I threw her into the
pond?" again interposed Lionel.

"Not a bit of it. What next, Lionel? The
ignoring of some of the Commandments
comes natural enough to the conscience; but
the sixth—one does not ignore that. I be-

lieved that you and Rachel might have come
to mutual logger-heads, and that she, in a
passion, flung herself in. I held the glove
still in my pocket; it seemed to be the safest
place for it; and I intended, before I left, to
hand it over to you, and to give you my word
I'd keep counsel. On the night of the in-
quest, you were closeted in the study with
Mr. Verner. I chafed at it; for I wished to
be closeted with him myself. Unless I could
get off from Verner's Pride the next day,
there would be no chance of my sailing in the
projected ship—where our passages had
been already secured by Luke Roy. By-
and-by you came into the dining-room—do
you remember it?—and told me Mr. Verner
wanted me in the study. It was just what I
wanted; and I went in. I hadn't forget my
surprise to the last hour of my life. His
greeting was an accusation of me; of me;
that it was I who had played false with
Rachel. He had proof, he said. One of the
house girls had seen one of us three young
men coming from the scene that night—and
he, Stephen Verner, knew it could only be
me. Fred was too cautious, he said; Lionel
he could depend upon; and he bitterly de-
clared that he would not give me a penny
piece of the promised money, to take me on
my way. A pretty state of things, was it
not, Lionel, to have one's projects put an end
to in that manner! In my dismay and an-
ger, I blurted out the truth; that one of us
might have been seen coming from the scene,
but it was not myself; it was Lionel; and I
took the glove out of my pocket, and showed it
to him."

John Massingbird paused to take a draught
of the rum-and-water, and then resumed.

"I never saw any man so agitated as Mr.
Verner. Upon my word, had I foreseen the
effect the news would have had upon him, I
hardly think I should have told it. His face
turned ghastly; he lay back in his chair, ut-
tering groans of despair; in short, it had
completely prostrated him. I never knew
how deeply he must have been attached to
you, Lionel, until that night."

"He believed the story?" said Lionel.

"Of course he believed it," assented John
Massingbird. "I told it him as a certainty,
as a thing about which there was no admis-
sion for the slightest doubt; I assumed it,
myself, to be a certainty. When he was a
little recovered, he took possession of the
glove, and bound me to secrecy. You would
never have forgotten it, Lionel, had you seen
his shaking hands, his imploring eyes, heard
his voice of despair; all lifted to beseech se-
crecy for you—for the sake of his dead bro-
ther—for the name of Verner—for his own
sake. I heartily promised it; and he handed
me over a more liberal sum than even I had
expected, enjoined me to depart with the
morrow's dawn, and bade me God speed. I
believe he was glad that I was going, lest I
might drop some chance word during the
present excitement of Deerham, and by those
means direct suspicion to you. He need not
have feared. I was already abusing myself
mentally for having told him, although it had
been my motto hitherto. The interview was
nearly over when you came to interrupt it,
asking if Mr. Verner would see Robin Frost.
Mr. Verner answered that he might come in.
He came; you and Fred with him. Do you
recollect old Verner's excitement?—his ve-
hement words in answer to Robin's request
that a reward should be posted up? 'He'll
never be found, Robin—the villain will not—'
be found, so long as you and I and the w-
d shall last.' I recollect them, you see, word
for word, to this hour: but none, save my-
self, knew what caused Mr. Verner's excite-
ment, or that the word 'villain' was applied
to you. Upon my word and honor, old boy,
I felt as if I had the deeper right to it; and
I felt angry with old Verner for looking at
the affair in so strong a light. But there
was no help for it. I went away the next
morning."

"Stay," interrupted Lionel. "A single word
to me would have set the misapprehension
straight. Why did you not speak it?"

"I wish I had, now. But it wasn't done.
There! The knowledge that turns up with
the future we can't call to aid in the present.
If I had had a doubt that it was you I
should have spoken. We were some days
at sea on our voyage to Australia when I
and Luke got comparing notes; and I found,
to my everlasting astonishment, that it was
not you, after all, who had been with Rachel,
but Fred."

"You should have written home, to do me
justice with Mr. Verner. You ought not to
have delayed one instant, when the know-
ledge came to you."

"And how was I to send the letter? Chuck
it into the sea in the ship's wake, and give it
orders to swim back to port?"

"You might have posted it at the first place
you touched at."

"Look here, Lionel. I never regarded it
in that grave light. How was I to suppose
that old Verner would disinherit you for that
trumpety escapade? I never knew why he
had disinherited you, until I came home and
heard from yourself the story of the enclosed
glove, which he left you as a legacy. It's
since then that I have been wanting to make
a clean breast of it. I say, only fancy Fred's
depths! We should never have thought of
him. The quarrel between him and Rachel
that night appeared to arise from the fact of
her having seen him with Sibylla; having
overheard that there was more between
them than was pleasant to her. At least, so
far as Luke could gather it. Lionel, what
should have brought your glove lying by the
pond?"

"I am unable to say. I had not been there,
to drop it. The most feasible solution that
I can come to, is, that Rachel may have had
it about her for the purpose of mending, and
let it drop herself, when she fell in, or jumped
in."

"Ay. That's the most likely. There was
a hole in it, I remember; and it was Rachel
who attended to such things in the house-
hold. It must have been so."

Lionel fell into a reverie. How—but for

this mistake of John Massingbird's, this re-
velation of his uncle—the whole course of his
life's events might have been changed! Ver-
ner's Pride left to him, never left at all to the
Massingbirds, it was scarcely likely that Bi-
bylla, in returning home, would have driven
to Verner's Pride. Had she not driven to it
that night, he might never have been so sur-
prised by his old feelings as to have pro-
posed to her. He might have married Lucy
Tempest; have lived, sheltered with her in
Verner's Pride from the storms of life; he
might—

"Will you forgive me, old chap?"

It was John Massingbird who spoke, inter-
rupting his day-dreams. Lionel shook them
off, and took the offered hand, stretched out.

"Yes," he heartily said. "You did not
do me the injury intentionally. It was the
result of a mistake, led to by circumstances."

"No, that I did not, by Jove!" answered
John Massingbird. "I don't think I ever did
a fellow an intentional injury in my life."

You would have been the last I should
single out for it. I have had many ups and
downs, Lionel, but somehow I have hitherto
always managed to alight on my legs; and I
believe it's because I let other folks get along.
Till for tat, you see. A fellow who is for ever
putting his hindering spokes in the wheel of
others, is safe to get hindering spokes put
into his. I am not a pattern model," comi-
cally added John Massingbird; "but I have
never done willful injury to others, and my
worst enemy (if I possess one) can't charge it
upon me."

True enough. With all Mr. John Mas-
singbird's failings, his heart was not a bad
one. In the old days his escapades had been
numerous; his brother Frederick's, none, (so
far as the world knew); but the one was
liked a thousand times better than the other.

"We part friends, old fellow!" he said to
Lionel the following morning, when all was
ready, and the final moment of departure
had come.

"To be sure we do," answered Lionel.
"Should England ever see you again, you
will not forget Verner's Pride."

"I don't think it ever will see me again.
Thanks, old chap, all the same. Should I be
done up some unlucky day for the want of a
twenty-pound note, you won't refuse to let
me have it, for old times' sake?"

"Very well," laughed Lionel. And so they
parted. And Verner's Pride was quit of Mr.
John Massingbird, and Deerham of its long-
looked upon bete noire, old Grip Roy. Luke
had gone forward to make arrangements for
the sailing, as he had done once before; and
Mrs. Roy took her seat with her husband in
a third class carriage, crying enough tears to
float the train.

CHAPTER LXII.

AT LAST.

As a matter of course, the discovery of the
codicil, and the grave charge it served to es-
tablish against Dr. West, could not be hid
under a bushel. Deerham was remarkably
free in its comments, and was pleased to rake
up various unpleasant reports, which from
time to time in the former days had arisen,
touching that gentleman. Deerham might
say what it liked, and nobody be much the
worse; but a more serious question arose
with Jan. Easy as Jan was, little given to
think ill, even he could not look over this.
Jan felt that if he would maintain his respec-
tability as a medical man and a gentleman, if
he would retain his higher class of patients,
he must give up his association with Dr. West.

The finding of the codicil had been com-
municated to Dr. West by Mattie, the law-
yer, who officially demanded at the same
time an explanation of its having been placed
where it was found. The doctor replied to
the communication, but conveniently ignored
the question. He was "charmed" to hear
that the long-missing deed was found, which
restored Verner's Pride to the rightful owner,
Lionel Verner; but he appeared not to have
read, or else not to have understood the very
broad hint implicating himself; for, not a
word was returned to that part, in answer—
The silence was not less a conclusive proof
than the admission of guilt would have been;
and it was so regarded by those concerned.

Jan was the next to write. A characteristic
letter. He said not a word of reproach to
the doctor; he appeared, indeed, to ignore
the facts as completely as the doctor himself
had done in his answer to Mattie; he simply
said that he would prefer to "get along" now
alone. The practice had much increased,
and there was room for them both. He
would remove to another residence; a lodg-
ing would do, he said; and run his chance
of patients coming to him. It was not his
intention to take one from Dr. West by so-
licitation. The doctor could either come back
and resume practice in person, or take a
partner in the place of him, Jan.

To this bland answer was received. Dr.
West was agreeable to the dissolution of
partnership; but he had no intention of re-
suming practice in Deerham. He and his
noble charge (who was decidedly benefitting
by his care, skill, and companionship, he
elaborately wrote), were upon the best of
terms; his engagement with him was likely
to be a long one (for the poor youth would
require a personal guide up to his fortieth
year, nay, to his eightieth, if he lived so long,
and therefore (not to be fettered) he, Dr.
West, was anxious to sever his ties with
Deerham. If Mr. Jan would undertake to
pay him a trifling sum, say five hundred
pounds, or so, he could have the entire busi-
ness; and the purchase money, if more con-
venient, might be paid by instalments. Mr.
Jan of course would become sole proprietor
of the house, (the rent of which had hitherto
been paid out of the joint concern); but per-
haps he would not object to allow those
"two poor old things, Deborah and Amilly,
a corner in it." He should of course under-
take to provide for them, remitting them a
liberal annual sum.

In writing this, fair, nay liberal, as the
offered terms appeared to the sight of single-

hearted Jan, Dr. West had probably had as
great an eye as ever to his own interest. It
was the result of mature consideration. He
had a shrewd suspicion that, the house divid-
ed, his Dr. West's, would stand but a poor
chance against Jan Verner's. That Jan would
be entirely true and honorable in not solici-
ting the old patients to come to him, he knew
—but he equally knew that the patients
would flock to Jan unsolicited. Dr. West
had not lived in ignorance of what was going
on in Deerham; he had one or two private
correspondents there; besides the open ones,
his daughters and Jan; and he had learnt
how popular Jan had grown with all classes.
Yes, it was decidedly politic on Dr. West's
part to offer Jan terms of purchase. And
Jan closed with them.

"I couldn't have done it six months ago,
you know, Lionel," he said to his brother—
"But now that you have come in again to
Verner's Pride, you won't care to have my
earnings any longer."

"What I shall care for now, Jan, will be
to repay you; so far as I can. The money
can be repaid; the kindness never."

"Law!" cried Jan, "that's nothing—
Wouldn't you have done as much for me?—
To go back to old West: I shall be able to
complete the purchase in little more than a
year, taking it out of the profits. The ex-
penses will be something considerable—
There'll be the house, and the horses, for I
must have two, and I shall take a qualified
assistant as soon as Cheese leaves, which
will be in autumn; but there'll be a margin
of six or seven hundred a year profit left me
then. And the business is increasing. Yes,
I shall be able to pay him out in a year or
thereabouts. In offering me these easy
terms, I think he is behaving liberally—
Don't you, Lionel?"

"That may be a matter of opinion, Jan,"
was Lionel's answer. "He has stood to me
in the relation of father-in-law, and I don't
care to express mine too definitely. He is
wise enough to know that when you leave
him, his chance of practice is gone. But I
don't advise you to cavil with the terms. I
should say accept them."

"I have done it," answered Jan. "I wrote
this morning. I must get a new brass plate
for the door. 'Jan Verner, Surgeon, &c.,'
in place of the present one, 'West & Verner.'"

"I think I should put Janus Verner, in-
stead of Jan," suggested Lionel, with a half
smile.

"Law!" repeated Jan. "Nobody would
know it was meant for me if I put Janus—
Shall I have 'Mr. Verner' tacked on to it, Lionel?"

"Of course you will," answered Lionel—
"What is going to be done about Deborah
and Amilly West?"

"In what way?"

"As to their residence?"

"You saw what Dr. West says in his letter.
They can stay."

"It is not a desirable arrangement, Jan,
their remaining in the house."

"They won't hurt me," responded Jan—
"They are welcome."

"I think, Jan, your connection with the
West family should be entirely closed. The
opportunity offers now; and if not embraced,
you don't know when another may arise—
Suppose, a short while hence, you were to
marry? It might be painful to your feelings
to have to say to Deborah and Amilly—
'You must leave my house: there's no fur-
ther place for you in it.' Now, in this dis-
solution of partnership, the change can take
place as in the natural course of events."

Jan had opened his great eyes wonderfully
at the words.

"I, marry!" uttered he. "What should
bring me marrying?"

"You may be marrying sometime, Jan."

"Not I," answered Jan. "Nobody would
have me. 'They can stay on in the house,
Lionel. What does it matter? I don't see
how I and Cheese could get on without
them. Who'd make the pies? Cheese
would die of chagrin, if he didn't get one
every day.'"

"I see a great deal of inconvenience in the
way," persisted Lionel. "The house will be
yours then. Upon what terms would they
remain? As visitors, as lodgers—as what?"

Jan opened his eyes wider.

"Visitors! lodgers!" cried he. "I don't
know what you mean, Lionel. They'd stop
on as they always have done—as though the
house were theirs. They'd be welcome, for
me."

"You must do as you like, Jan. But I do
not think the arrangement a desirable one—
It would be establishing a claim which Dr.
West may be presuming upon later. With
his daughters in the house, as of right, he
may be for coming back some time and
taking up his abode in it. It would be better
for you and the Miss Wests to separate; to
have your establishments apart."

"I shall never turn them out," said Jan—
"They'd break their hearts. Look at the
buttons, too! 'Who'd sew them on?—
Cheese bursts off two a day, good!'"

"As you please, Jan. My motive in speak-
ing was not ill nature towards the Miss
West; but regard for you. As the sisters of
my late wife, I shall take care that they do
not want—should their resources from Dr.
West fail. He speaks of allowing them a
liberal sum annually; but I fear they must
not make sure that the promise will be car-
ried out. Should it not be, they will have
none to look to, I expect, but myself."

"They won't want much," said Jan—
"Just a trifle for their bonnets and shoes,
and such like. I shall pay the house bills,
you know. In fact I'd as soon give them
enough for their clothes, as not. I dare say
I should leave it, even the first year, after
paying expenses and old West's five hun-
dred."

It was hopeless to contend with Jan upon
the subject of money, especially when it was
as money. Lionel said no more. But he
had not the slightest doubt it would end in
Jan's house being saddled with the Miss
West; and that help for them from Dr.
West would never come.

Miss West herself was thinking the same.
This conversation, between Jan and Lion-
el, had taken place at Verner's, and in the
afternoon of the morning which had wit-
nessed the arrival of Dr. West's letter. De-
borah West had also received one from her
father. She learnt by it that he was about
to retire from the partnership, and that Mr.
Jan Verner would carry on the practice
alone. The doctor intimated that she and
Amilly would continue to live on in the
house with Mr. Jan's permission, whom he
had asked to afford them house-room; and
he more loudly promised to transmit them
one hundred pounds per annum, in discon-
tinued payments, as might be convenient to him.

The letter was read three times over by
both sisters. Amilly did not like it, but upon
Deborah it made a painfully deep impression.
Poor ladies! Since the discovery of the codi-
cil they had gone about Deerham with veils
over their faces and their heads down, re-
luctant to think that loss in this world
would deal out all too unequally.

At the very time that Jan was at Verner's
Pride that afternoon, Deborah sat alone in
the dining-room, pondering over the future.
Since the finding of the codicil, neither of the
sisters had cared to seat themselves in state
in the drawing-room, ready to receive visitors,
should they call. They had no heart for it.
They chose, rather, to sit in plain attire, and
hide themselves in the humblest and most
retired room. They took no pride now in
appointing their scanty curia with costly oil,
in contriving for their dress, in setting off
their persons. Vainly seemed to have gone
out for Deborah and Amilly West.

Deborah sat there in the dining-room, her
hair looking grievously thin, her morning
dress of black print with white spots upon
it not changed for the old turned black silk
of the afternoon

"I—no, we shall have no right to remain in this house then."

"You are welcome to remain," said Jan. Miss Deb shook her head. She felt, as she said, that they should have no right to remain in this house then. "I'd rather you did," pursued Jan, in his good nature. "What do I and Cheese want with all this big house to ourselves? Besides, if you and Amilly go, who'd see to our shirts and the puddings?"

"When papa went away at first, was there not some arrangement made by which the furniture became yours?"

"No," stoutly answered Jan. "I paid something to him, to give me, as he called it, a half share in it with himself. It was a simple sort of arrangement, and one that I should never care to act upon, Miss Deb. The furniture is yours; not mine."

"Mr. Jan, you would give up your right in everything, I believe. You will never get rich."

"I shall get as rich as I want to, I dare say," was Jan's answer. "Things can go on just the same as usual, you know, Miss Deb, and I can pay the housekeeping bills. Your stopping here will be a saving," good naturedly added Jan. "With nobody in the house to manage, except servants, only think the waste there'd be! Cheese would be for getting two dinners a day served, fish, and fowl, and tarts at each."

The tears were struggling in Deborah West's eyes. She did her best to repress them; but it could not be, and she gave way with a burst.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jan," she said. "Sometimes I feel as if there was no longer any place in the world for me and Amilly. You may be sure I don't mention it, but that you know it as well as I do—that there is, I fear, no dependence to be placed on this promise of papa's, to allow us an income. I have been thinking—"

"Don't let that trouble you, Miss Deb," interrupted Jan, tilting himself backwards over the arm of the chair in a very ungraceful fashion, and leaving his legs dangling. "Others will, if he won't—if he can't. Lionel has just been saying that as Sibylla's sisters, he shall see that you don't want."

"You and he are very kind," she answered, the tears dropping faster than she could wipe them away. "But it seems to me the time is come when we ought to try and do something for ourselves. I have been thinking, Mr. Jan, that we might get a few pupils, I and Amilly. There's not a single good school in Deerham, as you know; I think we might establish one."

"So you might," said Jan, "if you'd like it."

"We should both like it. And perhaps you'd not mind our staying on in this house while we were getting a few together; establishing it, as it were. They would not put you out, I hope, Mr. Jan."

"Not they," answered Jan. "I shouldn't eat them. Look here, Miss Deb, I'd doctor them for nothing. Couldn't you put that in the prospectus. It might prove an attraction."

It was a novel feature in a school prospectus, and Miss Deb had to take some minutes to consider it. She came to the conclusion that it would look remarkably well in print.

"Medical attendance gratis," put in Jan.

"Including physic," put in Jan.

"Medical attendance gratis, including physic," repeated Miss Deb. "Mr. Jan, it would be sure to take with the parents. I am so much obliged to you. But I hope," she added, moderating her tone of satisfaction, "that they'd not think it meant Master Cheese. People would not have much faith in him, I fear."

"Tell them to the contrary," answered Jan. "And Cheese will be leaving shortly, you know."

"True," said Miss Deb. "Mr. Jan," she added, a strange eagerness in her tone, in her meek, blue eyes, "if we, I and Amilly, can only get into the way of doing something for ourselves, by which we may be a little independent, and look forward to be kept out of the workhouse in our old age, we shall feel as if removed from a dreadful nightmare. Circumstances have been preying upon us, Mr. Jan; the care is making us begin to look old before we might have looked it."

Jan answered with a laugh. That notion of the workhouse was so good, he said. As well set on and think that he should come to the penitentiary! It had been no laughing matter, though, to the hearts of the two sisters, and Miss Deb sat on, crying silent tears.

How many of these silent tears must be shed in the path through life! It would appear that the lot of some is only made to shed them, and to bear.

Meanwhile the spring was going on to summer—and in the strict order of precedence this conversation of Miss Deb's with Jan ought to have been related before the departure of John Massingbird and the Reys from Deerham. But it does not signify. The Miss Wests made their arrangements and sent out their prospectuses, and the others left: it all happened in the spring-time. That time was giving place to summer when the father of Lucy Tempest, now Colonel Sir Henry Tempest, landed in England.

In some degree his arrival was sudden. He had been looked for so long, that Lucy had almost given over looking for him. She did believe he was on his road home, by the sea passage, but precisely when he might be expected she did not know.

Since the marriage of Deelma, Lucy had lived on aloof with Lady Verner. Alone, and very quietly; quite uneventfully. She and Lionel met occasionally, but nothing further had passed between them. Lionel was silent; possibly he deemed it too soon after his wife's death to speak of love to another; although the speaking of it would have been new to neither. Lucy was a great deal at Lady Verner's. Deelma would have had her there constantly; but Lady Verner negated it.

They were sitting at breakfast one morning, Lady Verner and Lucy, when the letter arrived. It was the only one by the post that morning. Catherine laid it by Lucy Verner's side, to whom it was addressed; but the quick eyes of Lucy caught the superscription.

"Lady Verner! It is papa's handwriting."

Lady Verner turned her head to look at it.

"It is not an Indian letter," she remarked.

"No. Papa must have landed."

Opening the letter, they found it to be so. Sir Henry had arrived at Southampton. Lucy turned pale with agitation. It seemed a formidable thing, now it had come so close, to meet her father, whom she had not seen for so many years.

"When is he coming here?" she breathlessly asked.

"To-morrow," replied Lady Verner: not speaking until she had glanced over the whole contents of the letter. "His purpose is to remain a day and a night with us, and then he will take you with him to London."

"But a day and a night! Go away then to London! Shall I never come back?" reiterated Lucy, more breathlessly than before.

Lady Verner looked at her with calm surprise.

"One would think, child, you wanted to remain in Deerham. Were I a young lady, I should be glad to get away from it. The London season is at its height."

Lucy laughed and blushed somewhat consciously. She thought she should not care about the London season; but she did not say so to Lady Verner. Lady Verner resumed—

"Sir Henry wishes me to accompany you, Lucy. I suppose I must do so. What a vast deal we shall have to think of to-day! We shall be able to do nothing to-morrow, when Sir Henry is here."

Lucy toyed with her tea spoon, toyed with her breakfast; but the capability of eating more had left her. The suddenness of the announcement had taken away her appetite, and a hundred doubts were tormenting her. Should she never again return to Deerham?—never again see Lionel.

"We must make a call or two to-day, Lucy."

The interruption, breaking in upon her busy thoughts, caused her to start. Lady Verner resumed,

"This morning must be devoted to business; to the giving directions as to clothes, packing, and such like. I can tell you, Lucy, that you will have a great deal of it to do yourself; Catherine's so incapable since she got that rheumatism in her hand. There will have enough to see to with my things."

"I can do it all," answered Lucy. "I can."

"What next, my dear? For pack! Though Catherine's hand is painful, she can do something."

"Oh, yes, we shall manage very well," cheerfully answered Lucy. "Did you say we should have to go out, Lady Verner?"

"This afternoon. For one place we must go to the Bittersworths. You cannot go away without seeing them, and Mrs. Bittersworth is too ill just now to call upon you. I wonder whether Lionel will be here to-day?"

It was a "wonder" which had been crossing Lucy's own heart. She went to her room after breakfast, and soon became deep in her preparations with old Catherine; Lucy doing the chief part of the work, in spite of Catherine's remonstrances. But her thoughts were not with her hands; they remained buried in that speculation of Lady Verner's—would Lionel be there that day?

The time went on to the afternoon, and he had not come. They stepped into the carriage (for Lady Verner could indulge in the luxury of horses again now) to depart on their call and he had not come. Lucy's heart palpitated strangely at the doubt whether she should really depart without seeing him. A very improbable doubt, considering the contemplated arrival at Deerham Court of Sir Henry Tempest.

As they passed Dr. West's old house, Lady Verner ordered the carriage to turn the corner and stop at the door. "Mr. Jan Verner" was on the plate now, where "West and Verner" used to be. Master Cheese unwillingly disturbed himself to come out, for he was seated over a washbasin-basin of gooseberry fool, which he had got surreptitiously made for him the kitchen. Mr. Jan was out, he said.

So Lady Verner ordered the carriage on, leaving a message for Jan that she wanted some more "drops" made up.

They paid the visit to Mrs. Bittersworth. Mr. Bittersworth was not at home. He had gone to see Mr. Verner. A sudden beating of the heart, a rising flush in the cheeks, a mist for a moment before her eyes, and Lucy was being whirled to Verner's. Lady Verner had ordered the carriage thither, as they left Mrs. Bittersworth's.

They found them both in the drawing-room. Mr. Bittersworth had just risen to leave, and was shaking hands with Lionel. Lady Verner interrupted them with the news of Lucy's departure; of her own.

"Sir Henry will be here to-morrow," she said to Lionel. "He takes Lucy to London with him the following day, and I accompany them."

Lionel, startled, looked round at Lucy. She was not looking at him. Her eyes were averted—her face was flushed.

"But you are not going for good, Miss Lucy?" cried Mr. Bittersworth.

"She is," replied Lady Verner. "And glad enough, I am sure, she must be, to get away from stupid Deerham. She little thought when she came to it, that her sojourn in it would be so long as this. I have seen the rebellion, at her having to stop in it, rising off."

Mr. Bittersworth went out on the terrace. Lady Verner, talking to him, went also.

Lionel, his face pale, his breath coming in gasps, went to Lucy.

"Need you go for good, Lucy?"

She raised her eyes to him with a shy glance, and Lionel, with a half-suffered exclamation of emotion, caught her to his breast, and took his first long silent kiss of love from her lips. It was not like those snatched kisses of years ago.

"My darling! my darling! God alone knows what my love for you has been."

Another shy glance at him through her raining tears. Her heart was beating against his. Did the glance seem to ask why, then, had he not spoken? His next words would imply that he thought so.

"I am still a poor man, Lucy. I was waiting for Sir Henry's return, to lay the case before him. He may refuse you to me."

"If he should—I will tell him—that I shall never have further interest in life," was her murmured answer.

And Lionel's own face was working with agitation, as he kissed those tears away.

At last at last!

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

ADDRESS OF GENERAL BURNSIDE TO THE TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., Jan. 30, 1863.

General Orders No. 7. The Commanding General announces to the Army of the Potomac that they are about to meet the enemy once more.

The late brilliant actions in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, have divided and weakened the enemy on the Rappahannock, and the auspicious moment seems to have arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and to gain that decisive victory which is due to the country.

Let the gallant soldiers of so many brilliant battle-fields accomplish this achievement, and a fame the most glorious awaits them.

The Commanding General calls for the firm and united action of officers and men, and under the providence of God the Army of the Potomac will have taken the great step towards restoring peace to the country, and the Government to its rightful authority.

By command of MAJOR GENERAL BURNSIDE.

(Signed) LEWIS RICHMOND, Assistant Adjutant General.

(Official) EDW. M. NEILL, Capt. and A. A. G.

SINGULAR STORY RELATIVE TO THE 100TH ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

The army correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Grant's division, furnishes the startling intelligence that the One-hundred-and-ninth Illinois has been disbanded and ordered into the confinement at Fort Madison during the war.

The regiment was raised in Southern Illinois, (Egypt), and its Lieutenant Colonel is reported to have gone over to the enemy, while the regiment was only waiting a favorable opportunity to follow.

The Louisville Journal has a letter from Columbus, Ky., of the 11th inst., which says: "Among the officers taken (at the surprise and rout of the rebels at Knob Creek) was one P. M. Strickland, second lieutenant in Company A, 1st Tennessee Partisan Rangers. Upon Lieut. Strickland Captain Moore found forty paroles of men belonging to the 100th Illinois. Major Strickland of the 52d Indiana being a relative of Lieut. Strickland, they at once entered into free and confidential conversation. Among other things, the Lieutenant informed the Major that every man in the 100th Illinois, from the Colonel down, belonged to the Knights of the Golden Circle, and that they (the rebels) were afraid we would find it out, because they were so bold and imprudent about it. He also said that there were very many officers in our army belonging to that society, and that they rendered the Confederates more service than they did the Federals. Continuing, he added that he had no idea of the strength of that society in the North, and that through it they were apprised of all important army matters."

A FOOLISH NEVILLE.—A person laboring under the name of Mr. Cosmo Nevill owns a large place at Melbourn-Cum-Holt, England. He boasts of a long line of ancestry, all of whom have been for a course of years buried under the library in his house; this house adjoins the Parish Church, and the burial place referred to has a grated opening into the belfry, past which opening all the congregation must go whenever they enter the sacred edifice. The coffins are placed on a level with this opening, and, altogether, the arrangement of affairs is well adapted to breed a pestilence. The rector of the parish, an old man, much honored of all, buried one person in this vault, under protest, and refused to bury a second one there, some time later, on the ground that the health of his parishioners was likely to suffer. The bishop of the diocese ordered him to bury the body in that vault and nowhere else; he declined to obey the bishop, thereupon the Court of Arches was applied to by Mr. Cosmo Nevill, and the old rector was suspended for eighteen months and condemned to pay the costs.

RESULTS OF THE VICTORY AT ARKANSAS POST.—The results of our victory are nearly seven thousand prisoners of war, fortified point guarding the navigation of the Arkansas river, and shutting out its commerce from the Mississippi. We can now ascend without interruption to Little Rock, and take full possession of the Arkansas capital. With a higher stage of water in that river, we can communicate with Generals Hunt and Heron, and save them the transport of supplies over the long route from Rolla. With but a few more well-directed blows, the whole rebel strength in the state will be overthrown, and the power of the government again fully restored. Artillery and ordnance stores, to an enormous extent, have come into our possession, and several thousand stand of small arms, make for us an exhibit of no mean importance. Transportation for the rugged roads of Arkansas has become ours, and with a new stock of commissary stores, we are ready to move in any direction by land.

FLOOR SWEEPING.—A New York correspondent of the Boston Post, speaking of "floor sweepings," says that a large clothing manufacturer who occupies two lots in New York, has received for more than two months four thousand dollars a week for the sweepings of two of those floors, consisting solely of cuttings and clippings of the woolen and cotton goods made up by him into army clothes. In other words, upwards of thirty thousand dollars' worth of shoddy making material has been sold by him in eight weeks; stuff, too, which in other times would have been given away. As intimated above, these shreds of woolen are ground up into shoddy and again worked into army cloth for the benefit of our brave defenders. (A rough story.)

It is stated that the Emperor threw a bouquet with a diamond ring in it to little Pauli recently, at the Italian opera in Paris.

WHOOPIING COUGH.

At this season of the year whooping cough more or less makes its appearance in parts of large cities like this, and many people are at very great efforts to keep their children out of its reach. If one-half the pains were taken to carry them successfully and wisely through it, that there are to prevent the infection of it reaching them, it would no doubt be found that in the great majority of cases the whooping cough is the means of conferring an actual constitutional benefit, so that the child will come out of it stronger and better in health, and with more fully developed lungs than before it was attacked. Even so it is, the benefit to a family is on the average much greater than the danger. Not above one in twenty are supposed usually to die of this disease. It may, however, be doubted if one ever dies of the whooping cough, except by its producing some other secondary affection, not a necessary part of it, but to which there has been some constitutional tendency, or which is the result of carelessness or accident. In most of these cases fatal diseases either would have ensued without, or might have been averted. The disease itself seems to produce no necessary effect upon the lungs at all traceable in dissection. The coughing may, and generally does produce more or less inflammation, and this in turn mucus, and all these things put together may in weakly children, or where the symptoms are neglected, produce a great number of ultimate evil consequences. But the cough itself is strictly a spasmodic cough arising from a convulsion of the nervous system, as decidedly as laughing or crying, and it is not like most coughs, a convulsion caused by some inflammation producing irritating effects, though often causing it. It is a disease, therefore, throughout all its three stages, whose bark is worse than its bite, if properly watched. Indeed, it is only astonishing the amount of suffering a child will go through from its paroxysms one minute, and except fatigue, be perfectly free from pain and all inflammatory symptoms the next. Many children are even observed to have a better appetite and finer spirits and general health, even nearly all the time that the whooping cough is upon them, than at any period of their lives.

Of course the strain of these paroxysms of itself, apart from all the expectation, makes a heavy draft upon the constitution, and hence when the child is weakly or debilitated by other sickness, care should be taken to avoid exposure to it. Young infants, not knowing how to expectorate, should be kept from the contagion. It is also preferable not to have children take it in the fall, as it is apt to affect them all winter. But beyond that there is no reason for taking pains to avoid it, where children are of proper age and in good health. On the contrary, it is to be allowed to pass through the family, not as a disease so much as something sent probably to produce a higher development of health than could be attained without it. Whether it is that it takes from the system a certain lymphatic or other peculiarity which, though desirable up to a certain stage, it is now equally desirable to expel from the system, or whether it is simply through the expansion of the lungs, occasioned by coughing, certain it is that it often produces a marked constitutional improvement. If any person, child or adult, will but take a quill and draw a deep, full inspiration, so as slowly to expand the lungs to the utmost, and repeat this for five minutes daily, the chest will soon measure four or five inches more in circumference, and in proportion to the greater amount of oxygen thus inhaled, the lungs will be kept freer from disease, the amount of food digested will be increased, and the vital energy, the real being and living power of the individual, will be augmented. Whooping cough, therefore, should be looked forward to when it comes into a family, as a messenger sent indeed to make fresh demands upon parental care and watchfulness of every symptom, but sent also to prepare, and as it were compel the child to expand its lungs afresh and on a larger scale, on entering on a new period of its existence, just as the cries of its earliest infancy are arranged to give expansion to its lungs at first.—Public Ledger.

A SON OF EDWARD EVERETT DEFENDING THE NORTH AT CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.—At the Union Society in Cambridge College, England, there was recently a public debate on American affairs, in which a son of Lord John Russell and a Mr. Trevelyan spoke against the Union cause and in support of the rebellion. A son of Edward Everett, who is a student at Cambridge, followed in defence of his country and Government, and an English clergyman, who participated in the debate, writes: "After him got up young Everett (Edward Everett's son), who by the bye is considered one of the most distinguished men in Cambridge, the whole house against him, but cool and perfectly collected. He took Trevelyan's speech to pieces, point by point, and turned him in his favor, and he had it all his own way."

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.—The results of the late elections of Senators in different states are as follows:

Maine—Lot M. Morrill, Rep.

Pennsylvania—Charles R. Buckalew, Dem.

Michigan—Zachariah Chandler, Rep.

New Jersey—James W. Wall, Dem.

Delaware—James A. Bayard, Dem.

Indiana—T. A. Hendricks, Dem., long term; Mr. Turpie, Dem., short term.

Maryland—Thos. H. Hicks, Dem., short term.

Illinois—Wm. H. Richardson, Dem.

Massachusetts—Charles Sumner, Rep.

Minnesota—Gov. Hamer, Rep.

Ohio—Ben. Wade, Rep.

* Re-elected.

EXTRAORDINARY MEASURES.

In January, 1776, General Washington wrote to Governor Cooke, of Rhode Island, informing him what Connecticut had done. One of the acts even went so far as to provide that "none are to write, speak or act against the proceedings of Congress, under penalty of being disarmed, and disqualified from holding any office, and be further punished by imprisonment." Yet the Pater Patrie went on to remark, "The situation of our affairs seems to call for regulations like these. Vigorous ones, and such as at another time would appear extraordinary, are now become absolutely necessary for preserving our country against the strides of tyranny making against it."

The sufferings of the toppers down in Dixie—which class includes about all the rebels—are becoming intolerable. A Southern paper dolfully complains "that the vilest whiskey, before the war, a gentleman would not give to his negroes, is now eagerly bought at from \$25 to \$30 a gallon." To such degradation have Southern gentlemen been reduced by secession.

The King of Brazil is about to start on a magnificent bender—a visit to all the European courts incognito.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Governor of Utah, in his annual message, "is sorry to say that he perceives among that people little sympathy with the United States." He condemns polygamy, and warns the inhabitants against its continuance.

Captain St. Clair Morton, for distinguished gallantry at Murfreesboro, has been made a Brigadier General by President Lincoln. He is a son of the late Dr. Morton of Philadelphia.

LAMARTINE has sold "Memoirs from Beyond the Grave" for forty thousand dollars. This is dying to some purpose.

GEN. BRIDGES had one of his ears taken off at the battle of Murfreesboro.

On the 31st of December, Lieutenant Colonel Garache was killed at Murfreesboro, and on the 29th of December Major Garache was killed at Vicksburg. Thus at different points, nearly a thousand miles apart, the two brothers have lost their lives within two days of each other.

GOLD.—There is said to be gold in the country of the value of \$716,000,000. It has a marvellous faculty of keeping itself out of sight, but, though out of sight, it is far indeed from being out of mind.

GEN. GRANT'S WIFE CAPTURED.—A Mississippi paper reports that the wife of Gen. Grant was among the prisoners captured by the rebels at Holly Springs. She was released by Gen. Van Dorn.

CURIOS.—They have an automaton figure of a man on exhibition in Paris which talks. It was constructed by M. Faber, late professor of mathematics in a German university.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—That was a very important decision of Judge Shipman, in the case of Boucicault vs. Fox, to the effect that the representation of a play, by the consent of the author, gives no right to others to play it without his consent. The author's right to his play, book, lecture, sermon, or what not, is protected by common law, and by the law of copyright, when published. Literary men have been trying for years to obtain such a judgment as this at the hands of justice, but have never succeeded till now.

VICTOR HUGO'S GOOD BISHOP.—We learn that the real bishop, whose good deeds are almost literally narrated by the novelist, was Charles Francis Melchior Bienvieux Molliis, Bishop of Digne, who was born in 1753, and died in 1843. These figures do not exactly correspond with Victor Hugo's, the Bishop's birth having been moved backward thirteen years, and his life shortened by eight years, simply to suit the story. The good man lives anew in the world after his death, and "being dead, yet speaketh."

THE LAST ODDITY.—Among the last heard of oddities attracted to Paris by various motives is said to be a Russian Prince of great wealth, his fortune being estimated at the respectable figure of \$650,000 a year. A Paris correspondent of a Canada paper says he spends much of his time in travelling, and, having a passion for wild beasts, carries an extensive menagerie around with him. He is fond of "seeing the elephant," no doubt.

BAD SIDEWALKS.—The Supreme Court of New York has affirmed a verdict of \$1,000 which a blind lady had recovered against the city for a defect in the sidewalk, by reason of which she claimed to have received damage. The court holds that it is the duty of the corporation to keep the sidewalks in such repair that even the blind shall be protected from injury by reason of defects therein.

ILLINOIS.—Governor Yates says, in his late message, of Illinois:—

"She now produces twice as much corn as any other state; almost twice as much wheat; in neat cattle, the first; in hogs, but little behind Ohio; and in the value of live stock of all kinds, she is already the second state in the Union."

EMIGRATION FROM LIVERPOOL.—The annual returns of the Government emigration officials at Liverpool, show the large increase of ten thousand souls in last year's emigration over that of 1861. Of the whole number of emigrants 39,184 persons came to this country.

REFUGEES.—Nine men from Whitefield county, northern Georgia, arrived in Louisville a few days since. They made good their escape by crossing the Tennessee river. Their crimes consisted in their love for the old Union, and for this they were driven from their property which was confiscated.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was in the American House, at Niagara Falls, when it was burnt recently. He was roused by the cry at 3 o'clock of the night, and succeeded in making his escape through the smoke and flames with no serious loss.

THREE NEGROES FOR THREE SHEEP.—The Hartford Times is informed of a reliable gentleman who recently visited Falmouth, that a number of Union soldiers, a few days since, took three "contrabands" across the Rappahannock into the rebel lines, and traded them off with the rebel soldiers for three sheep.

HARRIET A. McLAUGHLIN, of Chicago, asks for a divorce from Henry A., her husband. She is only fourteen years old, and has been married but a single month.

A LADY was not long since travelling in England, when she occupied a railway carriage in company with a well-dressed man and woman, the former of whom offered her a copy of an illustrated newspaper for her entertainment. She accepted the civility, opened the paper, perceived a powerful and peculiar odor, became immediately insensible, and awoke to find herself robbed of her money and railway ticket, together with sundry articles of jewelry. The paper was supposed to have been saturated with chloroform, the scent of which was disguised with lavender.

It is said that Major-General Butler is soon to resume command of the Department of the Gulf, fixing his headquarters at New Orleans and as much further up the Mississippi as circumstances may permit.

Somebody writing to a contemporary, relates the following all of a wag, who, for the amusement of a crowd, was holding a Scriptural confab with a colored divine.

"Why, Charley, you can't even tell who made the monkey." "Oh, yes, I can, massa."

"Well, who made the monkey?" "Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you."

One of our composers seemed for several days ailing, which led to much anxiety concerning him. He appeared dull and heavy, as if some trouble pressed upon his mind. "What is the matter?" we inquired, when attention was called to his case.

He turned, and fixing upon us a stony eye, asked: "Can you tell me why Eve was like a certain respectable firm in Broadway?"

We humored him by pretending that we didn't know. "Because," said he, "she was Adam's express company." The effort relieved him, and he turned with a more cheerful countenance to his types.

Jones, who prides himself on geography, asked a friend the other day if the seat of war, of which we heard so much, wasn't in the Netherlands?

PROSPECTUS FOR 1863.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Publishers of THE POST take pleasure in announcing that their literary arrangements for the coming year are of a character to warrant them in promising a feast of good things to their thousands of readers. Among the contributors to THE POST we may now mention the following distinguished authors:—

MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "THE EARLY HEIR," "EAST LYNN," "THE CHANNINGS," &c.

MARION HARLAND,

Author of "ALONE," "THE HIDDEN PATH," "MIRIAM," &c.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,

Whose Domestic Sketches are so greatly admired.

During the coming year THE POST will endeavor to maintain its high reputation for CHOICE STORIES, SKETCHES and POETRY. Special Departments shall also be devoted as heretofore to AGRICULTURE, WIT and HUMOR, RECEIPTS, NEWS, MARKETS, &c.

TERMS

Wit and Humor.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, nor a joyous note,
As our friend to the bridal was hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly to save his flight,
Our heads from the sad sight turning;
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And shy of the sex as we found him,
Should tarry at the altar, at dead of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
Though of wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we searched adown
From the first to the lowermost story,
And we never have heard from or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

HUSBAND CATCHING.

Of a certain divine an anecdote is told,
Which Hook used to say exceeded any specimen
Of cool assurance that ever he had
Seen exhibited. A young clerical friend
of his staying at a friend's house, happened to
be sitting up one night reading, after the
family, as he supposed, had retired to rest.
The door opened, and his excellent host
re-appeared in his dressing-gown and slippers.

"My dear boy," said the latter, seating
himself, and looking pathetically, at his
guest, "I have a few words to say—don't
look alarmed, they will prove agreeable
enough to you, rely upon it. The fact is,
Mrs. — and myself have for some time
observed the attention which you have paid
to Betsy. We can make every allowance,
knowing your excellent principles as we do,
for the diffidence which has hitherto tied
your tongue, but it has been carried far
enough. In a worldly point of view, Betsy
of course might do better, yet we all have the
highest esteem for your character and disposition,
and then our daughter, she is very
dear to us, and when her happiness is at
stake, all minor considerations must give
way. We have, therefore, after due deliberation,
—I must own not altogether without
hesitation—made up our minds to the match.
What must be, must be: you are a worthy
fellow, and, therefore, at a word you have
our free and cordial consent. Only make our
child happy and we ask no more."

The astonished divine, half petrified, laid
down his book.

"My dear sir," he began to murmur,
"here is some dreadful mistake. I really
never thought,—that is, I never intended—"

"No, no, I know you did not. Your modesty,
indeed, is one of those traits which
has made you so deservedly a favorite with
us all.

"But, my dear boy, a parent's eyes are
charry. Anxiety sharpens them. We saw
well enough what you thought so well concealed.
Betsy, too, is just the girl to be so won.
Well, well, I say no more about it;
it's all over now. God bless you both!
Only make her a good husband—here she is.
I have told Mrs. — to bring her down
again, for the sooner you young folks are
out of suspense the better. Settle the matter
as soon as you like; we will leave you
together."

Thus saying the considerate papa bestowed
a most affectionate kiss upon his daughter,
who was at this juncture led into the
room by her mother, both in dishabille,
shook his future son-in-law cordially by the
hand, and with a "There go, go along,
Mrs. —" turned his wife out of the
room, and left the lovers (?) to their tete-a-tete.
What was to be done? Common humanity,
to say nothing of politeness, demanded
nothing less than a proposal. It was
tendered accordingly, and we need scarcely
add, very graciously received.—*Memoirs of Hook.*

I HAVE GOT ONE THOUGHT.

Handel, whose divine compositions seem
to have proceeded from a heart glowing with
the fire of a seraph, was, notwithstanding,
what some would call rather a gross mortal,
since he placed no small happiness in good
eating and drinking. Having received a
present of a dozen of superior champagne, he
thought the quantity too small to present to
his friends, and therefore reserved the precious
nectar for private use. Some time after,
when a party was dining with him, he
longed for a glass of his choice champagne,
but could not easily think of a device for
leaving the company. On a sudden he assumed
a musing attitude, and striking his forehead
with his forefinger, exclaimed, "I have
got one thought!" (meaning thought.)
The company, imagining that he had gone
to consult to paper some divine idea, saw
him depart with silent admiration. He returned
to his friends, and very soon had a second,
third, and fourth "thought." A wag,
suspecting the frequency of St. Cecilia's
visits, followed Handel to an adjoining
room, saw him enter a closet; embrace his
beloved champagne, and swallow repeated
doses. The discovery communicated infinite
mirth to the company, and Handel's "thought"
became proverbial.

"Sir, I will make you feel the arrows
of my resentment." "Ah, Miss, why should
I fear your arrows when you never had a
bow?"

A SMART OFFICER.

About six years ago the military spirit of
M—— increased something over ninety-
nine per cent, if not more; whereas, four
new companies were formed. We had "nary
one" previous to that time. Among the number
was one composed of the sons of the
Emerald Isle. The "b'ys" chose for their
lieutenant Michael P. Gerald, who was as
well posted in military tactics as some of our
officers of to-day. Now Mike was very proud
of the position he was thereafter to occupy,
and had cards struck off with this inscription
printed thereon:—Michael P. Gerald, First
Lieut. of the M—— Guards.

It came to pass that a friend, not being
aware that he belonged to the company, asked
him why he did not join the Guards, where-
upon he drew forth a card, and said—

"Head that."
"Well, what does that read, Mike?"
"Can't yee's spill? That's 'Michael P.
Gerald, First Lieut. of the M—— Guards,'"
he exultingly replied.

One day the Guards were to have a street
parade, and their captain being sick, the duty
of taking them out devolved upon Mike. In
the course of the parade, he used the following
military phrases:—

"Stand straight, boys; the Amerikins
is looking at yees!"

"Bulge out in the cinter!"

"Step up till yer comrades, men!"

"Boys, stand back, or I'll stick ye!"

But the following order took them all
down:—

"Turn the koorner, boys, and be quick
about it, too!"

When told that such expressions were
wrong, he would answer—

"How'd yer tongue! What'd you know
about military ticktacktics?"

He has not been made a brigadier-general,
but probably knows as much as some that we
have in active service.

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S WARNING. A GERMAN STORY.

During a walk that I once had with the
clergyman of Landsdorf and his wife, they
told me of a sudden death which had lately
taken place in the village.

"It is very awful," I said; "what a thread
life hangs upon."

"That was really the case with one of my
family in times past," said the clergyman's
good wife. "Her life did hang by a thread."

"Tell me how it was," I said.

"It was that story," said the lady, "which
caused the inscription you see to be placed
over our door way."

The inscription was as follows:—

"If once we learned why God sends grief and
woe,
How great His boundless love we then should
know."

I read the lines, and then asked the minister's
wife if she would kindly tell me the story.

She thus began:—

"About a hundred years ago my mother's
great-aunt, the Countess von Meritz,
was living with her two daughters in a castle
in Germany.

They were once invited to a wedding,
which was to take place by torch-light, according
to the old German custom. They did not,
accordingly, set out till it was beginning
to get dusk. They had to pass on their way
through a part of the Black Forest.

"Now it happened that Gertrude, the
eldest daughter of the countess, had had
given her a wreath of pearls, and she wore
them on the evening of the wedding. But it
chanced as they entered the forest that a
branch of black thorn caught in her hair,
and before it could be disentangled the thread
broke, and the small seed pearls were scattered
far and wide.

"The servants and ladies busied themselves
alike in picking up the scattered pearls,
when suddenly a wood-cutter came running
from the forest, and went up quite out of
breath to the countess.

"Pray go no further, ladies!" he exclaimed;
'when I was cleaving wood just now,
I heard two robbers planning how they
might waylay your party, rob you, and
kill your servants if they made any resistance.
The forest is full of these men, and I had
the greatest difficulty in getting to you in time.
If you had not been later than you expected
you would most certainly have fallen into the hands of these robbers.'

"Of course no more was said about going
on to the wedding, and the horses' heads
were directly turned homeward. On arriving
safely at her castle the good mother thanked
God who had preserved her and those with her.
Nor did she forget to reward the wood-cutter
who had warned her in time of her danger. And
there were two lessons which she tried to draw
for her children from the history of that evening.
First, that our life always hangs on as weak
a thread as that which held Gertrude's pearls;
and that therefore God only keeps us alive;
and, secondly, that all our troubles and disappointments
are as much sent for our good as the delay
in getting to the wedding, which saved the family
from the robbers.

"From that time," continued the clergyman's
wife, "the lines you read over our door,
became the motto of the good countess and
her family. And when I married, and my
husband had the parsonage repaired, he had
inscribed over the entrance:

"If once we learned why God sends grief and
woe,
How great His boundless love we then should
know."

"In a little private conversation after
the morning meal, between Caesar and Brutus,
the latter asked the former how many
flapjacks he had eaten for breakfast. The
imperial Caesar drew his robe round him
and replied, with dignity, 'As in, Brutus.'



AWKWARD LITTLE MISTAKE.

AUG.—"I think I am yours for the next waltz, Di!"

DIANA.—"Oh, dear no, Augustus! I'm sure I've danced with all the bores of my acquaintance!" [Pleasant for Mr. Steadyman, who has just finished the "first set."]

GOOD NATURE.

FROM BEECHER'S "EYES AND EARS."

If there be one thing for which a man
should be more grateful than another, it is
the possession of good nature. I do not consider
him good tempered who has no temper at all.
A man ought to have spirit, strong, earnest,
and capable of great indignation. We like to
hear a man thunder, once in a while, if it is
genuine, and in the right way for a right man.
When a noble fellow is brought into contact
with mean and little ways, and is tempted by
an unscrupulous nature to do unworthy things;
or when a great and generous heart perceives
the wrong done by lordly strength to shrinking,
unprotected weakness; or where a man sees the
foul mischief that sometimes rise and cover the
public welfare like a thick cloud of poisonous
vapors—we like to hear a man express himself
with outburst and glorious anger. It makes
us feel safer to know that there are such men.
We respect human nature all the more to
know that it is capable of such feelings.

But just these men are best capable of good
nature. These are the men upon whom a
sweet justice in common things, and a forbearance
towards men in all the details of life, and a
placable, patient and cheerful mind, sit with
peculiar grace.

Some men are much helped to do this by a
kind of bravery born with them. Some men
are good natured because they are benevolent
and always feel in a sunny mood; some, because
they have such vigor and robust health that care
flies off from them, and they really cannot feel
nettled and worried; some, because a sense of
character keeps them from all things unbecomingly
manly; and some, from an overflow of what may
be called in part animal spirits, and in part, also,
hopeful and cheerful dispositions. But whatever
be the cause or reason, is there anything else
that so much blesses a man in human life as this
voluntary or involuntary good nature? Is there
anything else that converts all things so much into
enjoyment to him? And then what a glow and light
he carries with him to others! Some men come upon
you like a cloud passing over the sun. You do not
know what ails you, but you feel cold and chilly
while they are about, and need an extra handful
of coal on the fire whenever they tarry long.

Others rise upon you like daylight. How
many times does a cheerful and hopeful physician
cure his patient by what he carries in his face,
more than by what he has in his medical case! How
often does the coming of a happy hearted friend lift
you up out of a deep despondency, and before you are
aware, inspire you with hope and cheer. What a
gift it is to make all men better and happier
without knowing it! We don't suppose that flowers
know how sweet they are. We have watched them.
But as far as we can find out their thoughts,
flowers are just as modest as they are beautiful.

These roses before me, saffrons, lamarques,
and saffrons, with their geranium leaves, (rose)
and carnations have made me happy for a day.
Yet they stand huddled together in my pitcher
without seeming to know my thoughts of them; or
the gracious work which they are doing! And how
much more is it to have a disposition that carries
with it, involuntarily, sweetness, calmness, courage,
hope, and happiness? Yet this is the portion of
good nature in a real, large-minded, strong-natured
man! When it has made him happy it has scarcely
begun its office!

In this world, where there is so much
real sorrow, and so much unnecessary grief
of fret and worry; where burdens are so heavy,
and the way so long; where men stumble in
rough paths, and so many push them down
rather than help them up; where tears are as
common as smiles, and hearts ache so easily,
but are poorly fed on higher joys, how grateful
ought we to be that God sends along, here and
there, a natural heart-singer—a man whose
nature is large and luminous, and who, by his
very carriage and spontaneous actions, calms,
cheers, and helps his fellows. God bless the
good-natured for they bless everybody else!

HAUT-BOY.

The harp was the favorite musical instrument,
not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and
other Northern nations during the middle ages.
By the laws of Wales the possession of a harp
was one of the three things that were necessary
to constitute a gentleman—that is a freeman;
and no person could pretend to that title unless
he had one, and could play upon it. And to prevent
slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was
expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them
to play upon the harp; and none but the King,
the King's musician and gentlemen were allowed
to have the instrument in their possession. A
gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for
debt, because the want of it would have degraded
him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave.

LADIES' NAMES.—The Orientals had a
pleasing idea of what the names of women
ought to be. Sir W. Jones, in "the Institutions
of Menu," has this passage:—"The names of
women should be agreeable, soft, clear, capti-
vating the fancy, perspicuous, ending in long
vowels, resembling words of benediction." Lamb
says:—

In Christian World, Mary the garland wears;
Rebecca sweets on a Hebrew's ear;
Quakers for pure Priscilla are more clear;
And the light Gaul by amorous Ninon swears.
Among the lesser lights how Lucy shines!
What air of fragrance Rosamond throws around!
How like a hymn does sweet Cecilia sound!
Of Marthe and of Angelle, few lines
Have braved in verse. Of coarsest household
stuff

Should homely Joan be fashioned. But can
You Barbara resist, or Marfan?
And is not Clara for love excuse enough?
Yet, by my faith in numbers, I profess,
Those all than Saxon Edith please me less.

SORNET TO YE SKATERS.—The following
lines, just at this time, will come home to the
feelings of many a tyro in the graceful art of
skating:—

We to the wight when first he feels
The slippery skates beneath his heels;
Who, trembling, tries the dangerous play,
And scratches out a first essay;
Up fly his feet, he feels with dread
The ice has cracked and cracked his head!
A double damage thus we see,
Misfortunes march in company;
Stars twinkle round his aching eyes,
Amazed, he sees new suns arise;
To him celestial wonders ope,
Without the aid of telescope.
With shuffling haste he seeks the shore,
And vows at least to skate no more.

Agricultural.

HIGH FEEDING.

In fattening cattle and sheep, or in keeping
milk cows, few farmers appreciate the
advantages of high feeding. A large amount
of food is required to keep the animal alive,
and the milk or flesh and fat which we obtain
is derived from the food given in excess
of this quantity. If a horse will draw a ton,
and the empty wagon weighs 15 cwt., we can
only take a load of 5 cwt.; but attach another
horse and we can then take a load of 25 cwt.
In other words, the effective power
of the two horses is five times as much as the
one.

It is so in feeding milk cows and in fat-
tening cattle and sheep—it is the few pounds
of extra feed that we give which produces
the desired milk and fat. To give only
enough food to keep the animals in a station-
ary condition, when the object is to get
them fat, is manifestly absurd, and to give
them only a little more than is necessary, and
thus get only a little fat, is also very poor
economy, when by a few pounds more food
we might double or treble the amount of fat
or milk.

We do not mean to be understood as say-
ing that farmers do not let their fattening
cattle and sheep have all the food they will
eat. This is not the case. They let them
have food enough but it is not as nutritious
as it should be. We do not feed enough grain.
We are aware that this will seem strange

doctrine to some of our readers in this
vicinity, and in the Eastern States, where
grain is now so high, and beef, mutton and
pork so low. But in truth, this does not affect
the question. Hay is quite as high, relatively,
as grain, and if it will pay to feed them well
in fact, it will not pay to feed them in any
other way. We do not say that cattle can
be fattened here at a profit. We hardly see
how such can be the case, at the present price
of beef and grain, but it is useless to attempt
to obviate the difficulty by stunting them in
their food. If high feeding does not pay,
poor feeding certainly will not.—*Genesee
Farmer.*

CORN AND COB MEAL.—A correspondent
of the Wisconsin Farmer says:—"I have
found corn and cob meal to be excellent feed
for all kinds of stock, if ground fine when
perfectly dry, and fed in small quantities in
the commencement. If not ground fine, it is
apt to produce an irritation of the bowels,
and if not dry, it is liable to heat and sour,
more so than corn ground with the cob."

We have fed corn meal ground with the
cob to working horses, cattle and swine, and
have never found that it produced any irri-
tation of the bowels at any time, and we
think, moreover, that it is an economical way
of feeding. Not that there is any great nu-
tritive value in the cob, but it affords bulk
to an article of food, the nutritive properties
of which are too concentrated to be fed alone
without a loss from imperfect digestion and
assimilation. We would feed corn and cob
meal to our stock in preference to meal from
shelled corn for the same reason that we
would give cut feed to our horses and work-
ing oxen, or eat potatoes with our own bacon
and eggs.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CHLOROPHORM FOR BEES.—We have heard
of several cases where chloroform was used
for the purpose of stupefying bees, in most
of which it did not answer the purpose. A
Nova Scotia correspondent of the Maine Farmer
seems to have applied it successfully. He says:—"Having had little satisfaction
and much trouble in fumigating bees with
puff ball, &c., I betought me to try chloro-
form, and shall never use anything else in
future. I put about ten drops on a bit of rag,
pushed under the hive from behind, and in
about five minutes the bees were all on the
bottom board. In this way I united two
small swarms most successfully."

SHEEP KILLED BY DOGS IN OHIO IN 1861.
—Secretary Klippart, in the last Ohio State
Agricultural Report, gives the following
figures upon this subject:—"The number of
sheep killed in Ohio by dogs in 1861, was
31,750, the number injured, but not killed,
24,254. The total injury to sheep by dogs
during that year amounted to \$86,464! The
whole number of sheep killed by dogs, for
the four years, '58, '59, '60, '61, was 167,406;
injured, but not killed, 102,446. The damage
amounted to \$422,886!"

Useful Receipts.

CUSTARDS.—Custards are improved by
putting one table spoonful of flour into one
quart of the milk, thinning it by degrees to
prevent lumps. As soon as the custard is
thick take them out or it will be spoiled with
whey. They are nice with fresh fruit, such
as strawberries, raspberries or peaches sug-
ared and placed on the top of each.—*Cor-
respondent of Saturday Evening Post.*

CALVES LIVER FRIED AS OYSTERS.—Cut
the liver in thin slices and about the size
of large oysters. Wash and put it into hot
water, slightly salted, and let it boil six or
eight minutes, then remove from the kettle,
drain and fry as oysters.—*Correspondent of
Saturday Evening Post.*

RICE CAKES OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY.—
Beat the yolks of a dozen eggs, for nearly
half an hour, with an egg-beater, mix well
with them ten ounces of refined sugar, pul-
verized, put in half a pound of rice flour,
a little orange or lemon water, or brandy, the
rinds of two lemons grated, then add the
whites of the eggs, well beaten, and stir the
whole for fifteen minutes. Put them into a
pan and set them into a quick oven for a half
an hour. This is a delicious cake, and well
worth trying.

BLEUING FOR CLOTHES.—Take one ounce
of soft Prussian blue, powder it and put it in
a bottle with one quart of clear rain water,
and add one quarter ounce of oxalic acid. A
teaspoonful is sufficient for a large washing.

CHEAP MODE OF FRAMING SMALL PICT-
URES.—First procure a glass of the required
size, then a card of Bristol board (white) the
same size of glass, to which glue or paste the
picture after neatly cutting out. Next paste
a sheet of strong paper, about an inch larger
than the glass, on the back of the card, fold-
ing the edges neatly over on the glass, there-
by holding glass and picture together. Procure
black glazed paper and bind the edge,
and trim with a strip of gilded paper inside
the black edge. This makes a very pretty
and cheap frame for portraits, &c. To hang
it, attach loops or rings on the back of the
frame.

FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Wash the hands,
and, without using the towel, apply a small
quantity of honey and rub in well. Use
once a day; and it will make the hands very
soft, and cure as well as prevent chapped
hands.

Apply it in the same manner to a cow's
teats.

CHURNING IN WINTER.—Keep the cream
where it will not freeze. Let it be scalded
before putting in the churn, so that it will
be heated through to a temperature of 65 to
70 degrees, and there will not be much diffi-
culty in making the butter come. We see-
stated that if a little rennet is added to the
cream just before churning, it will help ma-
terially. We think this quite likely as it
would help to generate lactic acid. But do
not put in too much.—*Exchange.*

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 34 letters.

My 25, 26, 27, 14, 19, is a fruit eaten a great
deal in summer.

My 26, 34, 30, 17, 8, 31, is a name given to a
parent.

My 21, 17, 26, 8, 9, is worn by all persons.

My 24, 8, 11, 27, is a large range of mountains
in Europe.

My 17, 30, 12, 15, 22, is both a sur and Chris-
tian name.

My 16, 18, 4, 20, is a name given to a parent.

My 26, 27, is a preparation.

My 4, 35, 11, 19, 6, is a musical instrument.

My 26, 3, 1, 18, 26, 33, 7, is a city in the United
States.

My 27, 26, 18, 22, 8, 31, is a name given to a pa-
rent.

My 5, 30, 30, 34, 30, 13, is an article used by
some school teachers.

My whole is the name of a large asylum in
Michigan.

J. E. D.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 33 letters.

My 14, 30, 5, 35, 10, is the name of a brave Ge-
neral.

My 32, 34, 18, 25, 12, is a common article of
furniture.

My 11, 25, 30, 2, is an article of food.

My 1, 3, 15, 25, 12, 6, is employed in a bank.

My 15, 13, 33, 33, 3, 6, is frequently used for
the wounded.

My 19, 24, 30, 11, 33, is a sailing vessel.

My 17, 31, 4, 16, is a part of my 18, 31, 5, 32.

My 23, 24, 10, 12, 28, is one of the elements.

My 22, 31, 30, 27, we do every morning, if we
are well.

My 9, 8, 28, 7, is a means of crossing streams.

My 32, 3, 31, 1, 11, is a part of the body.

My 4, 31, 28, 7, is a title of nobility.

My whole is a poem, and the author's name.

C. H.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
The first word a baby usually learns to say.

A shoemaker's tool.

A man famed for his patience.

An interjection and a pronoun.

A part of a sleigh.

A piece of ordinance.

Mistakes.

An adverb of time and a pronoun.

A boy's nickname.

An adjective meaning unrequited.

The initials and final form the name and title
of a man on whom, in a great degree, the pres-
ervation of our county depends. U